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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 18, 1981

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MAKING OF A MARTYR

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^aWe chose not to use color when we did not find it.

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**Maclean's**

Making of a martyr

In the biggest Republican funeral ever seen in Belfast, Bobby Sands was buried last week. But there was an eerie stage-managed feeling to the ceremony as thousands gathered in the rain to watch seven masked IRA escorts fire rifle volleys over the coffin. In Belfast's Catholic enclave, there was a suppressed air of triumph. The IRA had won an unprecedented propaganda coup and it was fully aware of it. —*Fred M*

Page 21



Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bown is toughing out criticism and hardbats. —Page 6

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Former Charlie's Angel Judyth Smith will play Jacqueline Kennedy on TV. —Page 3



An urgent warning about a pesticide dangerous to humans has been announced. —Page 17



The carousel is really spinning at Canada's Wonderland, but the crisis continues. —*Paula D.*



After, author and director Gordon Present aims to keep an open mind. —Page 66



A New Species
A New Species

Birth of a notion

I resent the implications of your article *Revising Up Baby—Later Cover*, May 4, that older parents are somehow better parents. Not enough stress was placed on three important facts: age does not bring the maturity to handle parenthood; parents who wait children and a career are doing so to the detriment of their child (I know, my mother waited); and many, many fathers under 30 attend prenatal classes and delivery as well as share in the responsibilities of parenting. From your article one would deduce that anyone having a child before age 30 must be a destitute, mindless, unambitious slave who will never travel, be educated or have any interest in life beyond diapers. I strongly disagree!

—KIMBLE WISNIAK
Memoracook, N.H.

Your article played up the role of parents, but little attention was given to some serious problems that might arise from having a late fertility. How many mid-40s or 50s fathers will get up at 5 a.m. for a hockey game? We could have generations of children without grand-parents, thus causing a severe breakdown in family ties. And we suffered through a generation gap between teens and over 50s—what about the gap between teens and mid-50s or 60s? No, I



Fear enough to let them grow with you

say have your children while you're young enough to enjoy them, relate to them, strong enough to keep them on the right track and poor enough to let them grow with you and learn that life is long and not getting old or soon to have someone to raise them.

—W.C. ADAMS
Greenwood, N.S.

The statement by one father, "The other day I had to baby-sit Nancy," brought the true story out. A mother doesn't say she baby-sits her child? We may say we're not traditional, but deep down we are. It's only the thing that's

the real difference. And there's nothing awful about it, it's the way it's supposed to be.

—P.A. SIMMONS
Richmond, B.C.

The answer is in the stars

I was thoroughly disappointed by the article on the elections in South Africa (A Victory But No Verdict, World, May 11). You speak of the "constitution of states" which is gibberish. I can only presume it's the "Constitution of States" that you erroneously call "Majjars" for what "used to be called homelands or Bantustans," which is also pure nonsense. It is an invitation by South Africa to its neighboring states to join it as equals in the formation of a Southern African economic co-operative.

—WILLIAM DE VILLIERS
Councillor of the
South African Embassy, Ottawa

Paseidon's accountant

Your article on the federal government's move against the fishing industry (*Loosers and Plovers*, First and Third, Canada, May 4), on rather its productive members, has the appearance of a move to nationalize the industry. When the feds are about the task of getting to the grounds, the hardships of the work and the need to survive precludes the thought needed to keep books. Bureaucrats who have never been wet, cold or in danger could never appreciate the agony of survival.

—FRANK STODOLSKY
North Scituate, Mass.

PASSAGES



APPOINTED: Frederick S. Burdette, 62, ex chairman and chief executive officer of Canadian Pacific Ltd. Burdette, formerly president of the company, replaces Ian Sinclair, 67, who will remain chairman and chief executive of Canadian Pacific Enterprises Ltd. which is 71-per-cent owned by CP Ltd. Sinclair is expected to devote more time to expanding CP Enterprises' holdings in the U.S.

DEAD: Ken Doran, 74, in Moose Jaw, Sask. The former National Hockey League (NHL) star was a referee of the Chicago Black Hawks, Detroit Red Wings and Toronto Maple Leafs, with whom his greatest moment came when he scored the only goal to decide a playoff game after an overtime tie. He was in the sixth overtime period. The 1933 game was the second longest in NHL history. Doran coached the

Moose Jaw Canucks and later operated a billiard hall.

SENTENCES: David Rooney, 45, Newfoundland Liberal MP (Bonaville-Tyville-Cumpton), fined \$1,500 and put on two months' probation for defrauding the federal government of \$3,350 in false mileage claims from 1975 to 1977. "I'm not happy with the results," said Rooney. Last March the MP changed his plea to guilty on the fourth day of his trial. Rooney says he does not plan to resign and hopes to run in the next election.



BORN: Gillian Catherine Beart-Shaw, to newspaper heiress Patricia Beart-Shaw, 37, and her husband, former bodyguard Bernard, 36, in Palo Alto, Calif. It comes quickly to us, she is the couple's first child. Patricia Beart-Shaw was kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army in 1974 and later convicted of bank robbery.



DEED: Frank Fitzsimmons, 75, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, of long career in San Diego, Calif. Former president Jimmy Hoffa, jailed for jury tampering and a 32-million pension fund fraud, chose "Pit" as his successor in 1971, representing 32 million workers. Roy Williams, key training contracts negotiator, is considered by many to be the leading candidate.

APPOINTED: William Kirby, 38, former curator of the Winnipeg Art Gallery and director of the Edmonton Art Gallery, as head of the Canada Council Art Bank. The Art Bank, which acquires art by both buying and disseminating their work, has an operating budget of approximately \$1.5 million, roughly a third allotted for the purchase of Canadian art. Kirby replaces Chris Youngs, 47, who held the post for nearly five years.



Knight and day

I quote from your article as Eric Mallory: *The Knight of the Fifth Circle*, *Post*, April 18y. Swift Current, Sask., has the type of small-town ethos where a number like 105 is considered more valuable in pencil minutes than in kg. From where I sit, Mallory's has the type of snug, narrowly focused journalism in which a flippant, lighthearted put-down is considered more valuable than an appreciation of the diversity of this country. Being a native of Swift Current living in Quebec, I can share the acceleration of my present repugnance at the extent to which your reporting suffers from Toronto subjectivity.

—LINDA M. LEBLANC,
St. Louis, Mo.

As a retired teacher I am happy to know that healthy but bratty people like Eric Mallory can reach the top if they really try. You hit the nail right on the head when you said that the city of Swift Current exhibits small-town behavior. Even the small towns in the west must be embarrassed by our city council's present lack of moral fibre. They are threatening to withdraw from one of the finest health systems found anywhere because it will cost \$87,000, while further costing much more to operate. —MAYN A. GORDON,
Swift Current, Sask.

Growing older and wiser

As a university student in 1972 I travelled throughout Europe and North Africa. Some months after my return I

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Eric Mallory's parody collects on 10

begin to experience recurring fever, headaches, sore muscles and a variety of psychological symptoms (*An Infernal Health Threat*, *Health*, April 26). Needless to say, I went to a number of doctors and then was shipped off to see a psychiatrist who told me I was experiencing something akin to dissociation with growing older. By 1976 I had seen six psychiatrists and was still miserable. Finally a visit to Toronto discovered my blood showed a positive result for borreliosis. I was given antibiotics and within a few weeks the majority of the symptoms disappeared. I hope your article succeeds in expanding the largely domestic consciousness of medical practitioners in Canada.

—ALLAN HENNING,
Ottawa

The elusive lady

After three years of uncertainty, legal wrangling and more than \$1,000 in legal fees in order to obtain custody of my son in an uncontested suit, you tell me that the Supreme Court may soon invalidate the order (*Young Children Join the Balance*, *Justice*, April 27). I am sure the legal and constitutional issues that occupy the learned judges have importance, but a unified family court system will be no aid to me if the B.C. ruling is upheld. Once again the system will have demonstrated that there is no justice for the ordinary citizen.

—GORDON T. MOSE,
Ottawa

Turning the other cheek

Desiret Shostakovitch was not a supporter of the Soviet regime (*Passages*, April 27). He needed it as beliefs in an autobiography which was published only after his death and only in the West. There, he vents his hatred for

communism and describes the cruelty of the Soviet regime in chilling detail. He also expresses his amazement at the gullibility of Western journalists who took his forced statements of support for the Soviet Union at their face value.

—ANDREW GUTMAN,
Toronto

The devil and the Pope

Lured the head of your editorial (*Enter the Quebec Devil They Knew: Then the Pope They Didn't*, *Reflexes*, April 27), but the content is, I believe, inaccurate. Anyone who believes René Lévesque's propaganda is such that he believes "Quebec can grow stronger while Canada" is in need of a re-education. The 800-800000 association has been placed on the back burner because at the moment it won't fly. As more of Canadians (we are no longer the monolithic entity) leave the province the opposition will diminish. The next election could well see independence as the central issue. To think otherwise is naïve.

—PAT HENNING,
Pittsford, Que.

Not a yuk in Yuk

Fotheringham claimed that the people of "Yuk," B.C., were all aging over the constitution (*Who Was That Yukster Underper?*, *Columns*, April 27). If the Yuk was indeed referring to the Yuk, B.C., which is in my riding, I can safely assure him that this is not the case. The people of Yuk are spent because they still have no radio signal, because Ottawa won't cut when they still don't have CIBC and because a government supposedly committed to human rights would allow a pipeline company to appropriate their land without compensation. No, Mr. Fotheringham, Yuk is not aging over the constitution.

—ST. PATRICK'S ST.
Keweenaw, Yukon, B.C.

A 16-wheeled sports car

I was pleased to read that I am not the only motorist to feel concerned for my safety as I drive our highways and contend with speeding trucks (*A Two-Wheeled Drive for Six Trucks*, *Transportation*, April 27). Why do they insist on driving these machines as if they were sports cars? Clearly they don't give a damn for the safety of those in smaller vehicles. Lowering the speed limits will be ineffective unless we enforce these restrictions.

—JAMES H. WONG,
Ottawa

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, c/o University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A7.

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Less dollars and more sense

Foreign aid is wasteful, technically unsound and socially useless

By Carlo Testa

More than 30 years as an independent consultant and as an officer of UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) in Algeria, Israel, Iran, Latin America and the Caribbean have led me to the regrettable conclusion that Canada's hand outstretched overseas' recent form of international aid is, in too many cases, wasteful and hypocritical. If, indeed, we really intend to alleviate the misery of our brothers in the Third World we need a less patronizing, more realistic approach.

Canada's 1981 foreign aid budget is \$1.2 billion, and is expected to double by 1985. Yet most of the countries receiving aid from Canada and other developed nations continue to sink deeper into poverty and despair, with an



even greater gap between the haves and the have-nots. Clearly, something is wrong. Of the funds allocated for foreign aid, more than 30 per cent does not reach the Third World but is spent on the administering bureaucracies—complex international agencies being the worst culprits (the Food, Agriculture Organization, for instance), private agencies usually the most effective (Oxfam, Foster Parents Plan Of Canada). Furthermore, many of the funds that do eventually reach the Third World are wasted through ineptitude and petty corruption, a deplorable fact which I have often witnessed on construction material for rural schools that I ordered while working on a UNESCO project in Haiti two years ago, on this day, has not found its way to the intended projects, but has gradually "vanished", several years ago, while in Yerevan, I discovered a full shipment of teaching materials imported through a World Bank loan sitting untouched in its original crating in a school yard. The crates had been there for two years. To make matters worse, the fraction of the money that eventually gets properly used is mismanaged for projects that don't meet local needs and are self-serving for the donor country.

Aid is now given on the basis of a totally unrealistic and historically false premise: money is spent on the creation of social infrastructures (schools, hospitals, etc.), the assumption being that it will provide the basis for economic development in the past, however, such infrastructures have come only after sufficient wealth was created. Canada, for instance, endured years of hardship and backbreaking labor before education, health services and communication systems became generally available. The result of our well-meaning but unrealistic approach is to addle Third World economies with the burden of social infrastructures without the means to support them, to create unrealistic expectations, and/or to destabilize existing social structures.

"Aid" is needed in specific emergency situations—floods, earthquakes and famines—but I am convinced that generally "aid" is wasteful, technically unsound and socially useless. The First World has, however, a debt to pay to the Third World, a debt with its origins in past and present exploitation and brotherhood. And there is an alternative to the present approach: if we are really sincere in our desire to help developing countries, then we must accept that trade is the only sound form of long-term aid. Though fair trade, wealth is produced locally to finance social development without the disastrous intervention of the paternalistic self-serving and wastefulness consequent aid agencies.

To develop trade Canada should act as a trade agency with a mandate to determine which Third World products could be marketed in this country on an ongoing basis, to

provide advice on the upgrading of production techniques and standards, to encourage local transformation of products (see caption) and to ensure that the producers are fairly compensated. The new trade agency should be a joint venture of the public and private sectors, the public sector would provide expertise in stability and good money, while the private sector (traders and producers' associations) would guarantee the market and the economic soundness of the enterprise.

Canada is in a favorable position to initiate this kind of intervention. The Canadian International Development

Agency, despite its shortcomings, has helped to create a positive image for our country. Many of the products available in the Third World are not being produced in Canada for climatic or socioeconomic reasons. And we already export many products that could be produced from Third World countries: grapefruit from Florida, oranges from California. Couldn't we just get an early and advantageously substitute these with the same products from Haiti?

Trade is not an instant cure. Resource inequalities will continue to exist, deplorable political systems will still thrive that threaten open and regulated trade, we can expect that sufficient local wealth will be created to eventually provide the basis for social development and political stability.

To create such a structure is not easy. It is, however, worth trying. The Canadian government, as a strong supporter of this fair trade concept (in 1980, it was a responsibility to investigate the possibility of integrating companies, imaginative trade within a new framework of relations between rich and poor nations. More than lip service is now needed.

Carlo Testa is an associate professor of architecture at the University of Toronto.



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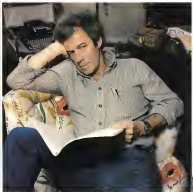
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PROFILE: GORDON PINSENT

A quest to last and last and last



By Warren Gerard

Gordon Pinsent's mind is on a dozen things—acting, writing, directing, editing, business meetings, interviews, his Mercedes that's on the fritz. His eyes, usually described as twinkling, are not today, frequently darting back and forth over his

warm, mildly cluttered study, as if checking for fast exits. The telephone rings occasionally, and each time it does, even though in answering service calls in after two rings, he tenses, ready to answer. Outside, beyond the glass sliding door and cedar desk, the sun is shining and green has touched the trees, but Pinsent sits with his back to the day, preoccupied beyond awareness of the changing season. The time he jumps up when the telephone rings, unable to stand it anymore. "I must get this one," he says, seeming to know by the ring that it's different from the others, but it's not for him, it's for his wife, actress Charron King.

With little in his life but work, Pinsent is driven by a constant need to top himself

For a 36-year-old, Pinsent has the nervous energy and impatience of a feisty teen-ager. There is little in his life other than work. He hardly reads, seldom socializes, at least not without a reason, and only occasionally listens to music. On this day, the first day of a new week, he is organizing his life into its usual workable routine. For the

past three weeks he has been getting up at five and six in the morning—not unusual even when he's not on a

set—to shoot the \$8-million made-for-TV film *Escape From Iron*. The Canadian Caper (see review, page 62), which will be shown this week. Pinsent plays the part of Canadian Ambassador Kenneth Taylor and, with glasses and a perm to curl his graying hair, the actor slightly resembles the diplomat CBS had wanted a high-profile American actor to play Taylor, but after behind-the-scenes skirmishes between producers Pinsent won. It was planned that Pinsent and Taylor would meet for publicity purposes if nothing else, but

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achieving lasting excellence. John Husek, artistic director of the Stratford Festival, first met Placent almost 30 years ago at the Manitoba Theatre Centre in Winnipeg, and over the years has become his friend, adviser and critic. "He's very, very talented," says Husek, "but he doesn't pay enough attention to single projects. He's a visionary for the arts in Canada, but I would love to see his work more in depth."

But, somehow, there is never time, in work or in private life, and Placent's neglect is evident. "I haven't had time for really personal things. I have an awful feeling there's a lot going by and I'm not part of it. I don't seem to walk around in the sunshine a lot and I don't collaborate a lot with ordinary life, meaning the best part of it, is what I'm missing. I want to sit down and take a whole week to write a song. I know I can do it, but I don't have that week."

Recently, his wife persuaded him to take a holiday, and the couple went to Puerto Vallarta for a week. It was more like torture than rest. "I wanted to swim back through sharks, instead waterski I might add. I was not very good at it at all." Yet his marriage to Charmine King is close. Perhaps it has to be. His relationship with his 18-year-old daughter, Leah, who also wants to be an actress, verges on the comical. Placent



Placent, nose pressed to a window

is the cliché of the protective, jealous father who suspects every boy who comes calling.

"It's my cocking up problem," Placent explains. "I'm off and running for

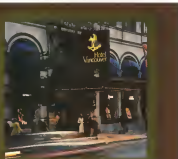
six weeks and before I left she maybe had mentioned me, boy's name. I came back and I learn that she's growing up without me, that she now has not only boy-friend No. 1, but No. 2 and 3 as well, and they all look like Anthony Quinn to me.

"I find myself curiously becoming less and less full of fun and coming back from these aquapans feeling guilty that I've been away and saying, 'all right, look, what's been going on' instead of saying, 'how've you been, darling' and smiling a lot. One night, I remember, a guy took her out in a fishing wagon and she was supposed to be back at 11 p.m. and she wasn't. It was a scene from every bad movie you could imagine. I got a nose bleed from my nose being pressed up against the window. But you do your best, I guess."

More and more, it seems, Placent is considering whether he is, in fact, spending himself too thin. "Sometimes," he laughs, "I say I am spending myself too thick. I'm not worried about where the next buck is coming from; it's got to do with ignoring myself and that's not a very good idea. I know an awful lot of people who have hurt themselves rather badly by hoping to do better and better just because it's expected of them or because of their fear of summer. They must change always. But that's me. I've got to keep changing." ♦

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- protein
- water
- vitamin E, if added is so, without then results in not less than 15 I.U. International Units of alpha-tocopherol per gram of fat and protein in the margarine
- food colour
- a flavouring agent
- a sweetening agent
- salt and potassium chloride
- mono and di glycerides not exceeding 0.5 per cent
- lecithin or emulsifier not exceeding 0.2 per cent
- sodium stearate, or its equivalent not exceeding 0.2 per cent
- acetic acid and benzoic acid and their salts either singly or in any combination in an amount not exceeding 1000 parts per million expressed as the acid
- hydrolyzed hydroperoxide, hydrolyzed hydroxybenzene and propyl galate either singly or in any combination in an amount not exceeding 0.01 per cent of the fat content
- acetyl phosphate and acetyl stearate either singly or in combination in an amount not exceeding 0.02 per cent of the fat content
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- zinc and zinc salts and their potassium and sodium salts
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Nutrition Division, Dairy Bureau of Canada

Anticipating another 'Grapes of Wrath'

In the southern U.S. the family farmer stands at the brink of financial ruin



Spokanensis farmer Kurey: If I lose my farm, then I've lost my damn country

By David Kline

Just over a year ago Georgia farmer J.P. Solomon sat in the living room of his modest home wrestling with the biggest decision of his life. Health and money worries were overwhelming him. He knew he had been working too hard for a 68-year-old man with heart trouble, but Solomon felt he simply could not afford to hire back the workers he had recently let go. Also, his right side had felt numb for several days, and now he feared a second heart operation would be needed.

J.P. Solomon was especially troubled that day, though, by the uncertain future of his farm. The local bank would not advance him an operating loan at interest rates he could afford, so Solomon had gone to the Farmer's Home Administration (FHA) for help. But he didn't know when, if ever, the FHA would get around to approving the loan—interest loan he needed to keep the farm afloat. Sometime after 2:30 in the afternoon, Solomon made his decision. He got his automobile shotgun and, as his wife ran screaming to stop him, he fired his wife's quick action deflected the shot, and Solomon was only wounded on the hand. Mrs. Solomon rushed to her man's home nearby for help.



Meanwhile, J.P. Solomon dragged himself out of the house and crawled the 25 metres or so to his outdoor well. Somehow, he managed to remove the heavy well lid. When his wife and son returned a few minutes later, they found him senseless at the bottom of the well. The next day, an overworked FHA loan officer wrote him final approval on a loan check for J.P. Solomon, unaware that the man was dead.

This is a story told by many farmers in rural Georgia newspapers, and it's told with feeling—in it they show the man, which most didn't. Indeed, there is a

strange new affinity among farmers here, a variation on the shared theme of faith in God, family and land that forms the southern farmer's identity. This new bond, simply put, is fear. And that fear is more pervasive than the crop-eating boll weevil ever was.

The family farmer, once the pillar of the American agricultural system, stands at the brink of financial ruin in much of the southern and midwestern United States today. Cut to the bone by severe drought last year and continuing ineffective aid measures, the American family farmer is now an endangered species. Some experts say extinction is not far off.

Drought and recession, of course, are recent and perhaps temporary calamities for farmers. But they are symptoms



Taylor farm auction (left), dried-up peanut crop. Extinction is not far off

posed on a long-term trend toward the elimination of a great American tradition—the small farmer tending the soil. Finally at his wit's end and neighbors just down the road a piece. Indeed, in 1950 there were 5.4 million farms in the U.S. with an average size of 325 acres. By 1970, that number had been cut in half and the average farm size doubled as more and more corporate traders and processors bought up vast tracts of land. While "agribusiness" was conquering rural America between 1950 and today, three quarters of the farm population was leaving the land.

Now, as farmers complete their spring planting (those who were able to secure new financing from banks or federal loan agencies, that is), many people in Georgia say the worst is yet to come. They warn of mass foreclosures on their land, of businessmen selling off their equipment to the highest bidder, of responsible companies taking away their furniture and household goods, of growers who just won't extend any more credit and of packing up the wife and kids and moving to nearby cities in search of work or welfare. "I swear to you 25 or 35 per cent of all the farmers in south Georgia could go under very soon unless something is done," warns Tommy Kersey, a big, ebullient man who commands respect in the state as a successful farmer and effective spokesman for farmers' interests. Kersey, an president of the American Agricultural Movement of Georgia (AAG), was a key organizer of the Washington, D.C., tractor protests in January of 1979. "We tried then to warn people of what was coming," says Kersey, "but nobody listened."

It might be possible to dismiss Kersey and his fellow farmers as alarmists were it not for the fact that most knowledgeable observers of the rural scene have a similar assessment. L. Wayne Howell, for instance, is Georgia director of the rural, the youth-oriented federal agency responsible for aiding farm operators. "The situation for farmers today is probably the worst it's ever been in the 44-year history of the agency," says Howell. The agency has little doubt that many farmers won't make it, and it will have to settle more foreclosures. Actually, the agency prefers to call them "voluntary liquidations"—it's more palatable that way.

It is estimated that today fully half of the state's 4,000 loans statewide are considered delinquent, and only 1,000 farmers—less than 17 per cent of the agency's case load—were able to pay back their loans. The agency revealed that foreclosures had now risen to about 25, with another 40 bankings awaiting final action.

The relatively small number of foreclosures is deceiving because a farmer faced with bankruptcy will often decide to sell out voluntarily in hopes of getting a better price for his property and equipment. Kersey says it's "like putting a gun to a man's head and telling him to 'voluntarily' jump off a cliff." Farmers point to the 45 per cent cut in new loans leading proposed by the Reagan administration as further evidence that the agency will simply be unable to cope with the current level of farm indebtedness unless radical measures are taken.

If a farmer does opt for voluntary liquidation, he might contact Curtis D.

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Guy, president of the Georgia Farmers Action, the state's largest farmers' union. Guy recently auctioned off the Taylor family farm in Colbert, Ga., in a somber remembrance of images of the dust bowl days of the Great Depression. As the bidding was run, the Taylor men stood beside Guy's sound truck, nervously watching the crowd of 50 or so prospective buyers, almost winning each time the bids seemed to hang at a low figure, waiting for someone to up the price. Wife Addie Taylor stood well away from the crowd, watching from a distance and crying. "We have to put our faith in God," she said between sobs. Faith may not be enough, cautions John

doubled up, worked harder." Guy explains: "He always believed if you just worked hard, you could make a living. But this year, it looks like we're finished. We already got the FFA's letter saying that they want to liquidate us."

Over-all, the prospects for recovery are not bright. Even if there is adequate rainfall this spring, many farmers—unable to get refinanced—will already be out of business. Those that manage to bring in a crop, even a good one, may find that their level of indebtedness is so high as to rule out any early chance of solvency in their operation. Says an FFA spokesman: "Fifteen to 20 per



Burned soybean crop: remnant of dust bowl days of the Great Depression

cent of the farmers will go out of business if it's a good year." If it's another bad year, as it has been in four of the past five seasons, "we may lose 40 or 50 per cent of our farmers."

Whatever changes are wrought in America's heartland over the coming months, one thing seems clear: they will not be accomplished without serious conflict. "The politicians tell us we farmers have got to think about the country and not just ourselves," Tommy Kersey explains. "But I tell you, if I lose my farm then I've lost my damn country!"

Indeed, many farmers are beginning to talk about physically protesting the foreclosures of their farms and of their neighbors', with guns if necessary, and small confrontations between farmers and FFA officials have already taken place. "We're going to see farmers do things nobody ever thought they'd do," warns Kersey.

Adds a farmer who insisted on retaining anonymity: "If it takes stopping these trains and stopping these trucks, then that's what we're gonna have to do. Maybe we're gonna have to take up some railroad bridges or some highway bridges to get this country to listen!" ☐

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FOLLOW-UP: HENRY KOWALSKI

Passing the hot potato

The plot of a happy ending to the story of Henry Kowalski (Maclean's, Nov. 8, 1980) was premature, it seems. Nothing has changed in the six months since officials of the Ontario ministry of health agreed to review his case, and there is no end in sight to his confinement at Penetang. Though never charged with a criminal offense, Kowalski is held—as he has been for the past nine years—among the extremely serious in the Oak Ridge Division of the Penetang psychiatric mental health centre. He is still locked each night in a 3½-by-three-metre cell, to sleep on a concrete platform two metres in the opinion of Penetang staff, certain patients just defense on their therapy consists of a mind-bending menu of Cognitive, Stimulus and Non-stimulus, plus what the health calls the "homogeneous community" of his fellow patients' company.

Kowalski's main link to hope is the weekly visit of his restless mother. She sometimes makes the 200-km round-trip pilgrimage from Toronto to Penetang in the company of an ad hoc



Kowalski as a high school student, as popular as his present reputation.

"Free Henry" delegation from the Church of Scientology. The church's critics of the mental health system, Robert DeLoach-Smith and Caroline Charbonneau, have relentlessly badgered the government and the press on Kowalski's behalf for the past six years. Yet when Kowalski shuffles out of his

cell to greet his visitors, to pump their hands and smile effusively. "Thank you for coming, thank you. Can I go home with you now?" they tell him that the answer is still no.

His champions allow that Kowalski is in need of professional treatment. "At very least," says Charbonneau, "we'd like to see him in a Toronto hospital, closer to his family, at best in an upstate New York hospital with extensive testing and a more modern attitude to diet and therapy." But the courts cannot compel any of Ontario's 70 odd other hospitals to take Kowalski, and the other hospitals want the well-publicized patient and his band of Scientologist guardians about as badly as they want a couple of head-on road reports from the National Enquirer.

Though Minister of Health Dennis Timbrell does have the power to compel transfers of individual cases, he has taken a positive supportive of the hospital. "These patients are where they are because medical opinion says they should be there," says spokesman Diane Kinsland. Kowalski landed in his maximum-security cell because of what his lawyer, John Wapniewski, describes as a "shockingly reported incident at a maximum-security hospital involving slapping a nurse. The ministry, long silent on the subject, now tells a much different story. According to Wapniewski's



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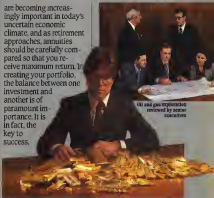


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COVER



Funeral procession, Sanda's son, Gerard, mother and sister (right); stage-managed

Making of a martyr

The IRA tightens the tension and reaps the reward

By Carol Kennedy

As the silent gunshot saluted
died away last week over the
tricolor-draped coffin of
Irish Republican Army hunger
striker Bobby Sands—the
unfathomable over Westminster 30—
Ulster for a whole seemed suspended in
a unnatural calm, full of foreboding
for the death yet to come. Three more
hunger strikers courted martyrdom in
Belfast's Maze prison for the same
political status demands for which 27-year-
old Sands had systematically starved
himself into the max. penitence in 56
days. Francis Hughes, 35, was dis-
gracefully weakened after 54 days, and
there were a reported 60 or 70 more
would-be martyrs in the Maze's sub-

room H-block, so called because of its
concrete shape.
The calm, urged by leaders of both
sectarian communities—and by the
priest who conducted Sands's 40-minute
requiem mass—was to be short-lived.
Within hours of the parasilitary-style
funeral, violence flared in Londonderry
and South Armagh, prominent Ulster
personality were warned to be vigi-
lant, and in Dublin, Garret FitzGerald,
leader of the Fine Gael (United Ireland)
opposition party and an outspoken op-
ponent of the IRA, went under guard fol-
lowing an assassination attempt.
On Saturday, as another convicted
IRA gunman, 30-year-old Joseph
McDonnell, joined the remaining

hunger strikers, the violence spread to
Belfast itself and the hoodies, where a
security post came under fire.

The funeral had an eerie, stage-man-
aged feel about it. As tens of thousands
gathered in relentless rain in Belfast's
Milltown cemetery where the IRA has a
special burial plot, a few kilometers
away, outside the city hall, the clergies:
Protestant leader, the Rev Ian
Paisley, his following vied for once rela-
tively subdued, held a shrouded (read
open-air service in memory of victims of
IRA violence. Unlike Sands he told a
crowd of 5,000, they had "no choice"
about dying.

At both gatherings the faces, the
mood were the same grimly set in sor-
row, braced for the unforgiving future.
The difference was that Sands's elabo-
rate funeral, following the two days of
IRA-declared mourning with black flags
flying the main streets of Belfast's
Catholic enclaves, had a suppressed air
of triumph about it. The international
focus on Sands's self-immolation, and
anti-British outcries around the
world—a struggle was being at the Queen
in Oslo, and flagging contributions to
HOBARD, the IRA's North American
source of finance, were boosted by
\$10,000 in three days—had won them an
unprecedented propaganda coup, and
they knew it. Daire Harrison, editor of
the Provisional IRA's *Republican News*,
and a friend of Sands, said with palpable



able satisfaction that "the spotlight is on
the prison camp." His bid to hold a tele-
vision interview, received sympathy for
Sands's case from all the international
journalists he had talked to. Against
that, Ulster Secretary of State Han-
nigan's repeated refusal to grant
political status for which he said, "Bobby"
Sands was ordered to die," was
bound to hinder Republican resolve.
Thursday's grim ceremony served the
martyr's cause with staid precision.

Maclean's

For the IRA, a new martyr and a propaganda coup

Sand's eight-year-old son Gerard, who had not seen his father since his parents separated five years ago, was brought from England to walk behind the coffin (Sand's wife, Geraldine, who has been living in Birmingham, was reportedly in hiding). It was the biggest Republican funeral ever seen in Belfast, with buses bringing contingents from all over the province. Army helicopters hovered tensely above the deliberative route. But the appearance of the street, masked and combat-uniformed IRA recruits and their rifle-wielding over-the-hill (in the middle of the street instead of at the rear) — perhaps for added defiance — were allowed to go unchallenged, with both sides displaying a wary respect. Weapons were everywhere, but the security forces were keeping a particularly low profile.

It was, after all, the post-up climax to perhaps the most dramatic week in Ulster's recent, bloody history. Tensions had seared together with each day that Sand survived, against the medical odds, taking only spring water because he could no longer digest tap water, his normal 185 pounds down to just under 100 and his cracked skin bandaged to prevent it from the prevailing storm. Twice he recited the last rites. Reports on his worsening condition came chiefly from his family and friends, the prison authorities maintaining silence except to say he was "deteriorating." During his final diabetic coma, the official line was that he was "under" Sand's last words to his mother, Roseanne, before slipping into unconsciousness May 2, were childhood memories. He died at 11:11 am on Tuesday, from the fact which had begun March 3, the fifth anniversary of the British government's



Sand's over Sand's coffin: the most dramatic week in Ulster's recent bloody history

abolition of "special category" status for its prisoners. During the same time the IRA claimed 131 victims, one a female cement taker.

During the final week of his short and otherwise unremarkable life, an astonishing procession of international figures arrived at the forbidding gates of the Maze — formerly the detention centre known as Long Kesh and before that V 11 S — to see Sand and appeal for him or both sides to give way. Irish MPs, European human rights committee, UN representatives and, finally, one of the Pope's two personal secretaries, Ulster-born Mgr John Magee. Through Magee, the Pope asked Sand to save his own life and that of others, saying that "violence of all kinds must be condemned in the clearest terms as being against the law of God." Earlier, Basil Cardinal Hume, Archbishop of Westminster and Britain's foremost Catholic prelate, and hunger strikers were themselves in a form of violence and, in such, could "not be confused." But it was now starkly clear that man of Sand's persuasion were the realists. First, Catholics a long way removed.

From his childhood, Sand, who on April 9 had won a Bursary Scholarship to become an art for Farmington-South Ty-

more, appealed directly through his election agent, Owen Corcoran, to Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey to intervene with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government. But Haughey, ever wary of the IRA, though on his own doorstep (as he was), remained silent, save for a last-minute and obviously futile appeal to the European Court of Human Rights to investigate conditions in the Maze. This had already ruled out for procedural reasons and conditions were anyway irre-

Dublin, London may tremble yet

The hunger strike, also part of the fabric of protest in colonial India, is a peculiarly Irish weapon. It has been wielded for 90 years, initially by disaffected tenants against oppressive landlords. The first political hunger strike of this century in Ireland was by the union leader James Connolly in 1913; it secured his release from jail and he went on to become a hard-left martyr — of the Easter Rising in 1916.

Two legendary hunger strikers of the independence struggle — who in 1981 brought about the partition of Ireland as an attempt by Britain to preserve Protestant loyalist rights and wishes — were Thomas Ashe and Brendan MacSwiney. Ashe took part in the 1920s riot and died while being forcibly fed during a hunger strike. MacSwiney, lord mayor of Cork, court-martialed for protesting against British soldiers' demands, ordered 14 days before succumbing in London's Brixton jail in 1920. His valiantly is often quoted by hard-line Republicans in the North. "It is not those who can suffer the most, but those who can suffer the most who will conquer."

Sand was the 13th Republican strike martyr to have died in hunger strike. Curiously, two men died in jail in England in 1976 and 1977 and hardly any-

want the Maze in modern and prison go, well-equipped. The IRA demands were for the restoration of special privileges which would, in effect, have given them prisoner-of-war status, restoring the taste of criminality from the officers for which they were jailed.

The demands were no small enough, weighed against even one death set alone three, four or 70. They were (1) the freedom to wear their own clothing instead of prison issue; (2) freedom to associate within the prison with fellow IRA members; (3) freedom to refuse penal work; (4) more visits and letters and (5) reinstatement of remission lost through various protests that have bedeviled the H-block for years. The latter irony was that a previous British government, that of Ted Heath from 1970 to 1974, had agreed to similar concessions, they were later judged a mistake and rescinded by James Callaghan's Labour administration in 1976. Already — and finally — the amnesty has remained; that prisoners convicted before 1978 still enjoy such privileges in the Maze, those recruited later do not. The abandonment of Heath's "special category" led to the so-called "black and white" protests, in which prisoners refused to wear anything but blankets



Belfast violence after Sand's death largely the work of 'anti-sect'

and defeated all over the cells, smearing even the walls with excrement. Sand, sentenced to 14 years in 1977 on firearms charges, took part in both.

The issue of special status, and the British government's true determination not to reintroduce it, produced protests from abroad and a rare display of solidarity between Thatcher and Opposition leader Michael Foot. Even Gerry Fitt, Ulster's leading Catholic politician (of the now demolished Social and Democratic Labour Party) resisted during Sand's last week his usual opposition to political status for paramilitary groups. As for the ordinary Briton, one

middle-aged woman in a London shop said, "You can't bargain with the IRA. You can't argue with them, because they'll always want more."

But the saddest aspect of the whole sorry business was the inconspicuous feeling that the shrunken figure of Sand on his water bed in the prison hospital was ultimately merely a pawn to be exploited on a deadly chessboard. The predetermined moves affected even normal family instincts. Sand's mother had said she would not ask doctors to save his life when he lapsed into a coma. "He asked me not to, and I refused," The British Medical Associa-



Connolly (left), Pearse, and Haughey (right centre), bloodied men in a minefield

on motion Frank Stagg and Michael Goughan, convicted of terrorism in England, wanted to serve their sentences in Ireland. But they remained only in England. The difference seems to be that there were individual protests. Bobby Sands had the full weight of the IRA's military and political campaign behind him. His death was as a man with those in the first rank of political martyrdom. That's as old tradition too.

"The fools," said the poet Patrick Pearse, a leader of the Easter Rising, of the British. "They have left us our own blood."

Ready stuff — and there is growing evidence that what the IRA is really seeking with the fasts is the kind of dramatic shift in public opinion that occurred in 1956. The rising was regarded as easy by most Irishmen, but when the British began counter the movement (Pearse was one of 15 to be shot), they

thing changed. By the time of the last operation, the moderate Nationalist Party was destroyed, the IRA was reborn and British rule in most of Ireland had become impossible.

Could it happen again? Bernadette Devlin-McMahon says it will, and others are more cautious again. The 58,400 votes for Sands in Fermanagh-South Tyrone were one, the dominance of the Social Democratic Labour Party (SDLP) — a successor of the old Nationalist Party — another. And in Dublin, Irish politicians are approaching the matter with the caution of bloodied men in a minefield.

An opinion poll during last Christmas's abortive hunger strike showed a small majority of southern Irishmen against granting the hunger strikers special status. But no one knows how the north would react. And there are bones in the mud-

It's explained that no one wants to ratify the 30 of the 13 hunger strikers who have died since 1917 died in Irish jails. Although the cause has been the same — that its prisoners were not arbitrary criminals and would not conform to prison regimes.

Dublin eventually reached a compromise with its prisoners, they do not have special status by name but enjoy special privileges. Irish ministers do not say the British could reach a similar compromise. They fear that further deaths will so alienate Ulster's Catholics that progress toward a political solution will become impossible. Already the Dublin government has seen five years of patient attempts to convince Americans that the IRA does not speak for Ireland except away in a tide of media coverage of Sand's death. Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey's hopes of forging a new relationship with Britain through his good personal relationship with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher have suffered a serious setback and the general election expected next month could be influenced by the hunger strike issue.

There are signs that the IRA themselves use it this way. Rita Sands, Sand's sister, has been seen by the standards of the past. If the Provisionals should decide that the 70,000 people at Sand's funeral were a better weapon than their beloved Armalite rifles, both Dublin and London may remember —

—BRIAN KIDMAN



Sands and Haughey, and victims Kennedy and Ashmore (below left) and James Matthews



For Ulster, more deaths and no end to the bloodshed



Protest procession (foreground) sponsored by activists from Prods about October

ation, asked how they resolved this awesome conflict? Differing, said relatives had no influence anyway in such a situation. It was strictly a matter between doctor and patient and the doctor, if satisfied his patient was rationally responsible, would respect his wishes even if those went against the medical interest to preserve life. Politically, forensic, even by sophisticated modern methods, is no longer deemed a proper way to deal with hunger strikers. It was ended by Labour Home Secretary Roy Jenkins in 1974.

The young man cut down in his prime is a single of Irish mythology, Lord Robert Kennedy (killed) for inspiring an abortive 1980 mission right through to the Kennedy brothers in the United States, and it is hard not to see a kind of kamikaze mentality entering the mind of

today's hard young IRA activists like Sands. Yet there was scant support for him among young Dubliners in that final week. Among many other rock-solid Republicans in the south a wariness with the whole cause prevailed, as well as a feeling that H-block protest marches on the Irish capital were largely the work of what are 27-year-old contemporaries described as "yret-to-mob".

Need Sands' death have happened? Opponents of concessions point out

that—far from political objectives—it would be absurd to have the IRA raising a jail on their own system of discipline, which is effectively what happened in Long Kesh, at the time dubbed "a university of terrorism." But Whitehall, as ever in Irish history, helped fashion the martyr's crown, not least by the legal blunders which emboldened Sands to run for parliament while a convicted criminal. Put forward as an election candidate for the most strongly Catholic riding of Ulster following the sudden

too, is much more closely integrated with centralism in Britain.

In the old Stormont days, the worst discrimination was the work of local reactionaries. Though reduced in number from more than 70 to only 26, their debates still offer the least equivocal expression of bigotry and sectarianism. That their capacity for marginal harm has been much reduced with the transfer of their more important functions to 11 other areas or province-wide bodies. Few of these have Catholic civil servants and middle managements that share a reasonable Protestant-Catholic view. Public housing, since 1972, has been the sole responsibility of the Northern Ireland Housing Directorate, which has come under heavy fire for bungling and waste but not, so far, for sectarianism. Since 1971, more than 48,000 houses have been built and thousands more have been refurbished.

Catholic alarm in Belfast discrimination



One-third of the population of 1.5 million in Catholic

Still, a 1979 survey showed 84.1 per cent of Ulster's entire housing stock in public, compared with only 4.6 per cent in England. And—with 106,000 unemployed, 17 per cent of the work force—jobs also remain a social headache. Fair Employment Agency chief executive Rob Cooper reports a readiness among most employers to accept his agency's equal opportunity codes. But, says Cooper: "The amount of progress that can be made in combating direct and indirect discrimination without an option in the economy is very limited."

The reasons are that none of the people who have died in the troubles since 1968, including Bobby Sands, would have done so had reforms been implemented earlier. But the connection between the undeniable grievances of Ulster's Catholics and the death of Sands in pursuit of a claim for special prison status has been convicted of terrorist offences in a sentence on at least

—ROBERT ROBERTS

death of his striking M. he would have been a serious contender had it not been for what the Home Office now ruefully calls an "institutional byproduct" of the Criminal Justice Act of 1967.

This statute, attempting to sweep away some fairly legal defences, abolished the clause that barred a convicted "felon" from standing for Parliament in South Tyrore, as a result of powerful backstairs lobbying (some say IRA connections), all other potential candidates for the Catholic vote were persuaded to withdraw, and Sands garnered 30,000 votes to win by more than 1,400 over hard-line Protestant Unionist Therry West.

Robert Gerard Sands was unlikely material for a martyr. Born in 1954, he came from a happy enough family background, growing up in a predominantly Protestant area of Belfast called Rathcoole. He was good at sports and won medals for his prowess. In 1972, increasing sectarian outbursts forced the family to move to a Catholic enclave, Tessebrook in west Belfast. His only job, that of apprentice mechanic, lasted 20 years and was brought to an end, he claimed, by mismanagement. He joined the Provisional IRA in 1972, aged 18, received his first jail sentence, five years for armed robbery and possessing firearms. Freed in 1976, he was jailed again the following year after a short-cut near a Belfast fire station warehouse.

In prison, Sands, once a bumptious young man with a mow of long hair and sunny grin, as portrayed on the posters of recent weeks, became hardened and broody. He memorized whole passages of *Tremors*, a pro-Bogdanov Irish saga by Liam O'Flaherty, and absorbed instructions down the cell corridor each night. His friend Danny Morrison of *Republican News* said during Sands' last hours: "He knows that if he dies there will be much anger stirred up in the Irish people that it will fuel the struggle for the next 50 years."

But if anything has been proved by the events that last week handed the degraded term of IRA to Irish blood sacrifices, it was that, yet again, when dealing with Ireland, Britain—sometimes with the best of intentions—eventually ends with the worst of all possible worlds. As the *Morocher* Guardian Weekly newspaper editorialized wistfully: "There is nothing in it for Britain, nothing at all but a dozen or so lives, a hole in the pocket, and a reputation in which the worst regimes of modern Europe can take malicious pride. That is a message that a permanent autograph-copy of the American Constitution's victory, which only action by Britain and Ireland together can prevent from being repeated and repeated into the genes and distant future."

With this from Brendan Keenan in Dublin and Robert Keenan in Belfast

WORLD

Misgivings behind a show of unity

Haig brings a message to the allies' liking



Haig with European Commission President Gaston Thorn (below); (above, from left) Foreign ministers Mark MacGillivray (Canada), Konrad Adenauer (Germany), Jean Francois Ponsard (France) and Hans Dietrich Genscher (West Germany). Helmut Kohl



By Ian Mather

At the Eagle Palace Hotel, a smart, timeless new complex outside Rome, U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig permitted himself a rare joke about his relationship with his religious and, of course, Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger: "Some people say that Mr. Weinberger and I do not get along very well," Haig told a press conference last week. "I wish to disavow that suggestion. The other day Mr. Weinberger gave me a personally autographed copy of the American Constitution." The remark, delivered with a touch of sarcasm, was significant. Haig was attending his first NATO meeting as secretary with the alliance in disarmament—largely as a result of the recent

divisive interpretation of U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union uttered by Meuse Haig and Weinberger. The root of the difficulties lies in a unanimous decision by NATO's 16-member governments in December, 1979, to base 572 Cruise missiles and 108 Pershing II missiles, all capable of reaching Soviet territory with nuclear warheads, in Western Europe (see map). Deployment was necessary, NATO argued, to counter the new Soviet SS-20 mobile nuclear missiles being positioned in the Soviet Union at the rate of one a week, each capable of striking anywhere in Western Europe. However, behind the apparent unanimity lie many misgivings. Only Britain, West Germany, Italy, Belgium and Holland agreed to host the missiles, the

latter two countries conditionally. Helmut Schmidt of West Germany furthermore insisted that NATO should give the same weight to détente as to deterrence. It was agreed that the NATO summit should be two-track. The second track would be that NATO would conduct talks with the Soviets with a view to reducing the number of intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe.

Going through the motions

The revolving spotlight of American foreign policy struck a second target last week with the visit to Washington of Japan's Prime Minister Rensuke Sasaki. The trip produced what state visits of this sort invariably produce: a lot of movement masquerading as activity. There was the usual round of White House, state department and congressional rituals. There was the almost obligatory appearance before the National Press Club. And as Sasaki flew off home, by way of Ottawa for brief talks with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, there was a joint communique with the standard declarations of abiding friendship. None of this relieved the various tensions that now afflict the relationship, nor yielded any compromise or multilateral issues.

President Ronald Reagan played the gracious and grateful host. Indeed, he has much to be grateful for. Only days before his visit, Sasaki had agreed to "voluntary" restrictions on car exports to the U.S., as a result of which Detroit will be able to sell more cars at higher prices than it would if collapse of the domestic auto industry. There was, of course, nothing voluntary about the defence at all, the carrot offered by U.S. trade representative Bill Brock was simply more appetizing than the stick.

However, in its first appearance as a NATO forum, just over a month ago, Weinberger effectively ruled out any such talks in the foreseeable future. Conspicuously the Europeans for peace-factiousness toward the Soviets, Weinberger produced large charts, which looked like successful salesmen's graphs, purporting to represent Soviet defence increases during the period of détente, from 1963 to 1981. For the So-

viets, said Weinberger, détente served only one purpose: it allowed them to get ahead of the West.

To the Europeans, this hard-line stance had the makings of disaster. The West German, Dutch and Belgian all had anti-Crusade factions within their ruling coalitions. In Britain, the Labour Party was determined to banishing the monster. Schmidt was having increasing difficulties within his own Social



being threatened by Congress in the form of more stringent import quotas. But the deal at least preserves the illusion of free trade.

The president might also have been thinking that Sasaki did not dwell on recent U.S. insults to Japan—in a failure to consult Tokyo on the lifting of the Soviet grain embargo and the still unexplained behavior of a U.S. submarine after striking a Japanese freighter last

month. Two Japanese were killed in the accident, and the rest of the crew were left to drift in the water for 18 hours before being rescued. The Americans rather hastily issued an interim report, which left the major questions cloudier than before, and the Japanese tactfully said they would await the final version. As for the failure to consult, the president said he would try to do better next time, a year-apology which Canadians, too, have heard before.

But the central issue that divides is defence. The Japanese are committed to a steady build-up of armed forces, but nothing as radical as impressing Washington. The Pentagon, having transferred much of its radar sight to the Indian Ocean, would like to see a more ambitious effort from the Japanese—more surveillance, more patrol. There is some domestic support in Japan for a larger and faster military effort, but it is a minority opinion. Although Sasaki agrees Japan must share the burden of security in the Pacific, he will do it at his own pace. Japanese prime ministers have been saying so lately due to Washington for 30 years, the likelihood is that Sasaki's successors will bear the same message.

—MICHAEL POSNER



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Reagan and Sasaki, none of the underlying tensions were relieved

Democrats. So Haig's appearance in Rome was swathed with more than normal interest. When he spoke, it was to reverse completely the position taken by Weinberger. Haig, speaking with a piece of paper authorized at the very highest level, it committed the Americans to start talks on intermediate-range nuclear weapons with the Soviets before the end of the year. Preliminary talks are to begin immediately at ambassadorial level in Washington and Moscow, and it is hoped that an agenda for talks can be agreed between Haig and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at the United Nations special session on disarmament in September.

For most of the assembled foreign ministers this was enough. Détente was back on the menu, and students of the art of compromise-writing detected other signs of softening of the American posture. The question of linkage between the West's willingness to negotiate with the Soviets and the Soviets' behavior elsewhere seemed to have been deliberately blurred, apart from a brief reference to Poland. In contrast, condemnation of the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, a regular feature of NATO communiqués, seemed little more than routine. Significantly, arms control talks were not made conditional on a Soviet withdrawal.

Haig said his job had been to reassure the Europeans in view of the "insecurities"—one of his few lapses into Haigpeak—which had developed. Yet many questions remain. The communiqué contained no reference to NATO, which the Europeans want to see reaffirmed, but which the Reagan administration opposes. Secondly, there was a sentence that Reagan had renounced the mission he thought the Europeans would accept. One Dutch diplomat said his government had wanted a firm starting date for the summit. Above all, there were the divisions within the Reagan administration. Further enlargement was expected this week, when Weinberger was to return for a meeting of NATO defense ministers. In the meantime, as another diplomat noted last week, "Haig now says he has the ear of the president. But the president has two ears, and Weinberger may still be tug-of-war the other ear." ☐

Britain

Incitement of the royal ire

Steering clear of legal action and keeping mum about public controversies are two of the firmest traditions of the British Royal Family. But last week both habits were broken

and in each case the reason was the same: of privacy. The Queen herself issued a notice when she replied to a letter from the parents of Jacqueline Hill, one of the victims of "Yorkshire Ripper" Peter Sutcliffe, on trial in London's Old Bailey courthouse. The Queen said she could well understand the couple's skepticism to the reported intention of the Daily Mail newspaper to publish Sutcliffe's story as told by well-known members of his family. The royal intervention brought a denial from the Daily Mail which protested that, contrary to a report in the national magazine *Private Eye*, "no deal had been made with Susan Sutcliffe." But the newspaper admitted that it had put up Sutcliffe's father and sisters in a



old free-lance writer Simon Ragan, allegedly from a group of anti-British republicans intent on damaging the prince's prospects of becoming governor-general of Australia. Ironically, Charles had ruled out the idea just before the existence of the tapes was revealed, but the invasion of Buckingham Palace was no less severe. A palace spokesman declared that if true, the taping was "a considerable risk, quite apart from being illegal."

The illegality, however, was a moot point. Telephone tapping has never been properly controlled by law in Britain or Australia. In Sydney, former FBI agent Bill Herrington, now an anti-tapping consultant, told *Marion's* that "anybody with a little knowledge can tap anybody anytime." And recent evidence suggests that unauthorized phone tapping is far more common in Britain than is officially admitted. An exposé by the *New Statesman* magazine last year concluded: "If the police stick to the procedure of obtaining a warrant before placing a tap, the secret agencies have come clean." That position is not peculiar to Britain—no *Grand* learned from the revelations of unauthorized KGB phone tapping at the



Prince Charles receives an honorary degree in Australia (R) Lady Diana; and Reagan share against Austria

McDonald commission hearings. And in the United States, where no figures are released as tapes made for "national security" reasons, one authority, Mark Lynch of the American Civil Liberties Union in Washington, said the National Security Agency alone monitors "millions of calls" using computerized equipment. Nor are Prince Charles and Lady Di the first royals to have suffered. Eight years ago, the Post Office, which runs the British phone system, designed a number of eavesdroppers after they were overheard at a pub near the Queen's Sandringham estate discussing her phone conversations. They regularly listened in, as it turned out, and met later to pass on the gossip over a pint.

—GILES DUNGLAY
 (Hill also from William Leach in *Weekend*, Philip Green in *Sunday*, and Lee Warrington in *Observer*.)

The tapes were acquired by 28-year-

U.S.A.

Barriers to dam a human flood

By Michael Posner

A joint committee of the U.S. Congress last week set out how to get to certain to be a long, arduous and controversial task: reformation of the nation's immigration laws. The existing statutes, it is unanimously agreed, are a kind of charade. The Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), which bears the impossible burden of enforcement, lacks the manpower needed to restrict the annual flow of illegal aliens—now said to number about one million. Another flaw is the system as thought to be in the U.S. already, working in agriculture and industry. Typically, they earn wages less than the legal minimum, in return for which their employers conveniently fail to question their credentials. And while the undocumented workers—now half from Latin America but many from Canada—simply ignore the law, defying the INS to find and deport them, thousands of others endure the protracted frustration of trying to immigrate through regular channels.

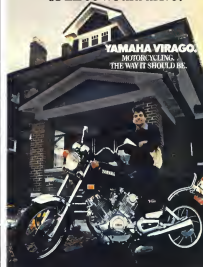
Benny Carter, who has vanished from the American consciousness as quickly as water in the Suez, set up a presidential commission to recommend solutions. Its final report was released in February, its weight testifying to the complexity of the issue. Under the chairmanship of Rep. Theodore B. Hough, the commission proposed six-

month for illegal aliens now living in America, higher quotas for legal immigrants and refugees and tough measures—including jail sentences—to discourage employers from hiring undocu-

mental workers. Such penalties are feared to be controversial but, as Hough told the first joint congressional hearing in 30 years, there can be no effective enforcement without sanctions.

But how are employers to know whether a job applicant is bona fide? At present, even those willing to obey the law are often fooled by fraudulent natural security cards and 10 kits, available for \$30 in most towns along the U.S.-Mexican border. Hough's suggestion—one the commission itself was deeply divided on recommending a

Does this look like the type of thing a father of three would drive?



Donovan, aliens work for \$7 an hour





counterfeit-proof eligibility card that all Americans would be required to show when seeking employment. The social security card, Hinchburg noted, is already widely used for everything from mortgage applications to obtaining a library card, the logical next step, he argued, would be to upgrade it, writing into law restrictions on its use as a national ID card—a fearsome prospect to many Americans.

But there is no sure consensus—not on employer sanctions, certainly not on the eligibility card. The system would require an elaborate bureaucratic apparatus to maintain it, adding costs and regulatory paperwork that no true die-hard of Ronald Reagan is likely to favor. Worse, as one writer told *Money* magazine last week, employer sanctions will "only exacerbate existing patterns of employer discrimination against minorities." Hispanics, Asians and others will be challenged to produce evidence of their legal status more frequently than non-minority Americans. Bused employers may use the fear of sanctions as a handy pretext for denying jobs to the ones who are qualified. And, since the risk of discovery is small and the initial

New York sweatshop cheap labor

penalties minimal, employers who exploit shams might well continue to do so. Just how unscrupulous factory owners can be was revealed in recent months on garment industry sweatshops in New York and Chicago. Led by Labor Secretary Ray Donovan, one raid in New York's Chinatown found some 60 illegal workers, including 22 children and one 80-year-old woman; scores were paid only \$1 an hour.

There is still less enthusiasm for the temporary guest-worker program, a solution that has been mentioned favorably by Ronald Reagan. At first glance, this is an attractive option—providing common-sense access for American industry to a pool of cheap labor, and a release valve for the intense pressures of unemployment that are building up in Latin America. But guest-worker programs have not been successful. Canada tends to stay beyond the life of their contracts, preventing the host government with a delicate policy dilemma. What is more, programs in the past have tested shades of civil rights, including substandard wages and unrelenting living and working conditions.

The U.S. knows its present immigration process is out of control. Beyond the question of illegal aliens, the nation has recently been accepting 200,000 refugees a year—four times the number permitted by law. America wants to remain an open society and refuge for victims of oppression, but not so open as to jeopardize the national interest. The congressional hearings, and a policy analysis soon to be completed by the Reagan justice department, are aimed at determining exactly what the national interest ought to be. As Wyoming Senator Alan Simpson, a member of the Hinchburg committee, noted last week, it will be an emotionally charged debate. "Traught not only with peril," but with profound consequences for the future of the nation. ☐

Take-over fever in the boardrooms

So many American tycoons were vying to control each other last week that the nation's boardrooms were being likened to boxing rings. "They're shuffling and sparring and throwing knockout punches," said partly Washington-based financial news columnist James Brodes as the multi-billion-dollar merger fever mounted. Shareholders of Kennecott Corp., the nation's biggest copper producer, overwhelmingly approved a



Sharron Loeb (Rhodes's Sanford) went left and American Express' James Brodes' N. knockout punches

merger with Standard Oil Co. (Ethox) last week and Oscar Mayer & Co. shareholders voted to complete a \$550-million transaction that will make their meat firm a wholly owned subsidiary of General Foods. In addition, Dow Jones & Co. and Knight-Ridder Newspapers Inc. seemed almost certain to pull off their \$525-million bid to acquire the Columbia Cablevision Inc. American Express directors were preparing to approve a \$1.1-billion merger with Sharron Loeb (Rhodes, the nation's second-largest securities firm, and the final suitor was being put to the \$66-billion merger of Nabors Inc. and Standard Brands Inc.

All this activity was part of a trend that in recent weeks has seen the Backlund family of San Francisco (controllers of the Backlund Group, one of the world's



Continental Airlines Boeing 727, a near miss after a prolonged take-over battle

largest engineering construction enterprises) acquire a majority interest in one of Wall Street's oldest investment-banking firms, Dillon Read & Co., the Howard Johnson Co. become part of Imperial Group, Ltd., Ethan Allen moves into the books of Lerner, Inc., Franklin Mortgage Insurance Communications, and Kraft, Inc. become Durr & Kraft, Inc. And there have been some snubbed near misses, too. After a prolonged battle Texas Air Corp. last week was rebuffed in its bid to control Continental Airlines, but came back late in the week with a renewed offer.

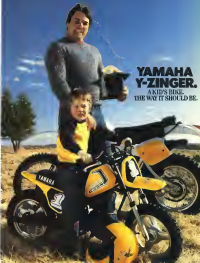
The Federal Reserve Board last week moved to tighten the flow of money, driving the prime lending rate up to 15 per cent. But even the prospect of borrowing at exorbitant rates was unlikely to deter prospective buyers. "Many large corporations that buy a plan for expansion are going to go ahead with it in coming weeks," says Managing Director Ronald Kerner of Lazard Frères & Company, Inc., a New York investment-banking firm. "The message is out. Washington under the Reagan administration is not going to pursue anti-trust activity with as much zeal as before." It's an impression that was reinforced recently by the justice department official, William Baxter, who told the Senate that the justice department would be concentrating on price-fixing rather than monopoly tendencies in firms.

Brodes, who produces a daily report on the take-over and precious metal markets, further explains that cash is generally scarce in the financial and manufacturing industries and that has led to companies such as American Express and Prudential Insurance being more aggressive with what money they have. At the same time, the market for metals and minerals has become depressed, making it tempting to the oil industry, with its big profits. "Any company in the United States that has natural resources and some cash on hand can be sure that there is someone going out there in the long grass looking it over,"

says Brodes. "It's a complex and troubling development. It concentrates economic power, which tends to lead to price-fixing and makes large companies unresponsive to market pressures. It is also leading, adds Brodes, to the development of "huge financial super-entities" where the consumer will be able to bank, buy insurance, plan retirement, borrow money and develop a pension plan, with the same company. This could, he says, be a really convenient and worthwhile service. "Particularly, no doubt, for the tycoons."

—WILLIAM LOWMYER

Like father. Like son.



**YAMAHA
Y-ZINGER.**
A KID'S BIKE.
THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.



Factor: Hinchburg amnesty for aliens



Spraying orchards in southern Ontario: a matter of faltering jurisdictions and conflicting priorities between departments

By David Thomas

A blossoms swirled against their restraining barks amidst the storybook splendor of Quebec's Hémisphérique apple district last week, custom sprayer Doug Grant fagged the air in a hurry to beat the emergence of the first pink-blossomed flowers. It was already the second pesticide dousing of spring. But once been begun working those blossoms he could not legally elude his links of poison down the well-trodden rows of the 18 orchards. He sprays in the isolated part north of the U.S. border. Grant, a handsome and open 21-year-old, would rather not bet the pesticide business at all. He needs the money to achieve the ambitions he shares with his wife, Terry, a thriving apple business and a home building with young boys. Children after three years, the Grants have passed the fertility tests they took because they feared the effects Doug's spouse might be having. "We don't know what the problem is," says Terry Grant.

In Ottawa, six weeks before blossom time, Marleau's has learned, an urgent and secret warning was delivered to the pesticides section of Agriculture Canada. Signed by Health and Welfare Canada's assistant deputy minister, Alex Morrison, it advised that a ubiquitous fungicide called captan is dangerous to humans. There is evidence, wrote

The spread of silent springs

The federal health department says it's dangerous, but Agriculture Canada controls pesticides and hasn't told farmers that captan may not be the safe, efficient fungicide they think it is.



Doug and Terry Grant: a message hasn't been passed

Morrison, that captan could cause cancer, genetic mutation, congenital deformities and—worst of all—for young people. The first—early fetal abortion, possibly before pregnancy could be noticed. Captan was one of the chemicals Grant had purchased and sprayed after that information had been relayed to agriculture department authorities. While Health and Welfare officials fretted in increasing anger last week, the agriculture department continued to conceal the March 30 message, even as thousands of growers and ordinary weekend gardeners used captan.

On apple, captan prevents scab, harmful black marks that do not affect the fruit. The 30-year-old pesticide also coats vegetable and flower seeds and was long thought to be one of the safest agriculture chemicals in use. The provincial agriculture bulletin Grant relies on as his spraying guide ranks captan in the lowest of four categories of toxicity and, like most users, he follows the recommendation rather than when mixing and applying it. "If, like you say, this stuff hasn't been properly tested, then I'm not getting the right information."

Health and Welfare's Morrison made his recommendation against captan to agriculture officials after an investigation that began three years ago, when a review of the original test data showed that it may have been piggybacked—in one instance to hide the fact that five test baskets were bare without eggs. Then, last summer, Washington's Environmental Protection Agency linked the pesticide to cancer. Finally in March, a captan manufacturer, Chevron Chemical Co., delivered its own, still-secret study. "It's clear that we have concerns about the health effects of captan. There's no question about that," Morrison told Marleau's. He was surprised to learn that annual captan spraying had already started.

Agriculture Canada's refusal to warn

users of its potential dangers underscores the dubious wisdom of leaving with the agriculture department sole authority to regulate, control and label chemicals in the agricultural arena. Health or environmental authorities may not even make public their knowledge that a pesticide is a poison. "We just don't have any legal jurisdiction here," says Morrison, who was advised by department of justice lawyers not to release the contents of his captan recommendation. Morrison has urgently requested that the justice department reconsider.

Agriculture Canada Deputy Minister Gailan Lenoir confirmed to Marleau's Wednesday the existence of the Health and Welfare recommendation, but refused to reveal its details. "If you give just part of the information, what you're creating is a state of fear, a state of panic. You've got to give a full picture of the implications to people. If you just look at one part, you might say, 'Well, let's ban captan tomorrow morning.'" Lenoir said Agriculture Canada and the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency are attempting to agree on a common and simultaneous action and that, because of captan residues on imported food products, Canada could not act alone without halting the trade of fresh produce. "If we do that we have to close the borders. It means that the fresh products you buy from any other state won't be there anymore." In addition, he said, there is no effective substitute for captan, which is also used industrially as a wood preservative and even as some home wallpaper to prevent fungus growth. Lenoir estimated that "many millions of pounds" of captan—the most widely used fungicide—are used in North America annually. "We are probably as much concerned as anybody else about the health of the Canadian population. But a dilemma occurs because the economic implications

have to be considered as well."

The troubling captan situation is just part of a wider pesticide scandal involving a private, Norwalk, Ill., firm—Industrial Hygiene Laboratories (IHL)—whose safety evaluations were used by governments to certify a multitude of agricultural poisons. When in 1977 U.S. regulators discovered irregularities in IHL tests, Canada was asked to share in the review of some 800 studies of 97 pesticides. So far, two-thirds of those checked by Ottawa have been found invalid due to contamination, incompetence or, as with captan, outright fabrication. It will take Health and Welfare's 11 assigned scientists another two years to complete their audit and, in the meantime, the 49 chemicals still under inspection remain on the Canadian market.

Now Bruzavickas may be particularly concerned by the presence among those 107 chemicals of fenitrothion, the most insecticide used in the never-ending attack on the spruce budworm. In mid-May, when the budworm attacks a vulnerable age, squanders of vintage Second World War Grumman Avengers soar low over the province's coniferous forests of dark green. Guided by spotter planes, the Avengers spray down in formations of threes, trailing the white mists of fenitrothion. Many parents worry at the sight of the attacking planes. The spraying has been linked, rightly or wrongly, with the lethal Stoke's Syndrome, which kills children by painfully swelling their brains. Now Bruzavickas's budworm spraying—which many scientists believe aggravates rather than limits the infestation—is being expanded this season into what was in years past a 15-kilometer buffer zone surrounding human habitations. Newfoundland, this year committed itself to a full-scale spray program.

Many Canadians were lulled by reassurances passed off in 1977 as



Health and Welfare's Morrison (left), industry spokesman St. Clair (middle), Steven Fraser's brother, Steven Fraser's brother, Steven Fraser's brother, Steven Fraser's brother

aware that the chemicals that replaced it are usually far more toxic and that the amount of pesticides used is increasing by five per cent a year. Also increasing are the amounts of insecticide-related problems.

• The bugs are winning. Insecticides seldom kill all of undesirable insects, and those that survive are the strongest. Resistance thus becomes bred into the pests, and, said the Agricultural Institute of Canada in January, the greatest situation "represents a near crisis."

• Farmers on the Prairies reacted to January's research withdrawal of a

pesticide are causes of cancer but that possibility always exists when we're looking 30 or 40 years down the road. I'm saying the risk is very small and the benefit, enormous." Curiously it is to pesticide sellers, who last year registered Canadian retail sales of \$350 million.

Dr. Clair also fights criticism by attributing adverse effects to industry critics. He dismisses the fight by Saskatchewan's St. C. Simon de Jong to make pesticide data available under freedom of information legislation as "Dr. Jiang's personal way of making a great success of himself." Saskatchewan

private testing laboratories may be part of the solution. But just to import is the search for ways to reduce or replace the use of chemical killers—which may mean a return to techniques of the earlier world, which, after the 1920s, stressed natural insects, one using the superpower during the 1930s of parasites to attack the European spruce sawfly, itself an imported pest. Similarly, foreign parasites attacked the winter moth, which, after the 1920s, threatened fruit and deciduous trees in Nova Scotia. In the orchard regions of Nova Scotia, Central Canada and British Columbia, there is increasing, though still limited, reliance on scientific pest management techniques that demand regular monitoring of pests to avoid unnecessary spraying. Sex attractants can also be used to trap or confuse insects.

St. C. Simon's pronouncements in biological methods of control were allowed to lapse when, in the 1950s, pesticides were seen as a guarantee. Agriculture Canada kept biological control alive, but its expertise was broken in 1962 with the removal of its director and senior top researchers who quit the federal Biological Control Research Institute in Belleville, Ont., to found a pioneering Pestology Centre at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C. Entomologist Bryan Harvey, who led the fight, argues that biological control is on the verge of a major resurgence. Pesticides, he says, never cure and often aggravate pest problems or even create new ones by indiscriminately killing beneficial species that feed on harmful ones. "Pesticide is just a salesman's term for biocide—they kill everything." Most compelling, though, will be the economic need to find permanent solutions to agricultural pesticide needs, which are rising faster than inflation. But Burns and other advocates of non-pesticide pest control feel they are up against a pesticide establishment with a huge financial and professional stake in chemical pesticides. "I don't like the word conspiracy, but there are a large number of people whose livelihoods depend on their selling pesticides," Pesticide proponents often argue that consumers must act as flowery profane, but Burns counters that "Why? I would only really give a choice. He suggests that fruits and vegetables should be labelled to show with which chemicals they have been treated."

Meanwhile, back in Henrykowsky, one of pesticide groups' fiercest customers, 35-year-old Robert Reid, quits the open-house search of his old store home and, with the step of a spry 60-year-old, inspects his budding orchard in the chill of a busy day. Reid's store, Reid's Fruit and Veg., sprays, waxes, labels, pulled by horses

with pumps chain-driven from the wagon axle, and before that a time when they didn't spray at all. "I would say the apples were a lot better then than they are nowadays, when you have all kinds of chemicals on them." Though they didn't use them, the orchardists of Reid's youth were effective users of biological control. "The growers used to put up diseased leaves of apples all over their orchard to make houses for the insects' great enemy—the blight." This place used to be alive with them, but what chance has the blight got when you're pumping spray into its leaves? I haven't seen a blight for the past 30 years."

With files from David Phillips, Geoff Hunt, Peter van der Horst and James Webb.

National

A new ploy to foil the big grab

Canadian business is the most concentrated of any Western industrialized nation. Meanwhile, the country's merger and monopoly laws, the weakest from any country on the premise, the federal government is about to launch its third attempt in eight years to stiffen competition laws that have become, according to the government, a discussion paper. Chaired by Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, a result of three recent Supreme Court decisions which dismantled the existing vaguely worded competition laws, Ottawa is powerless to prevent, for example, Thomson Newspapers from purchasing every newspaper in the country. This is at a time when the annual number of corporate mergers has doubled in five years, and when the 100 largest non-financial companies control just over half of all corporate assets.

By midweek, big business had caught wind of the preliminary discussions with selected economists and business associations and was mobilizing to block any such changes. The interested federal Bureau of Competition Policy, however, there was the dear hope that, finally, 16 years after former justice minister Guy Patenaude first launched the inquiry into competition policy, the political will may have solidified enough to support the changes.

While still only in discussion phase, "The most recent figures, after industrial sectors show the biggest mergers during companies in the U.S. holding 31 per cent of total assets, 33 per cent of the total in Japan, 27 per cent in West Germany and 21 per cent in the United States. In Canada, the 30 largest control 30 per cent of assets, while the 100 largest control 53 per cent."

Some, the proposals show the government determined to take a tougher stance than in the mid-1970s, in part because of the alarming increase in recent merger activity accompanied by high profits and high inflation. Competition changes would be mainly taken out of the criminal and placed under civil jurisdiction where corporations need less stringent evidence. Any proposed merger that would seem likely to result in a certain level of market control—somewhere between a quarter and a half of the market, sources say—will need to be reviewed in a dispute by

stock's living family would have been shocked from buying a third daily newspaper, instead of having some blunder to occur all four times in the province.

In dealing with monopolies, the proposed amendments do not even approach the tough U.S. standard where monopolies and price-fixing are illegal per se. After the 1976 amendments, to let civil courts make a "reasonable" order that could end uncompetitive behavior or force the sale of affiliated assets by anyone who held a monopoly in a market—national or regional. This also applies to two to four firms who hold a "joint monopoly" in any sector, a common occurrence in Canada, where the top four firms in such industries as sugar, steel, cement, fertilizers and beer control at least 75 per cent of the market.

The toughest part of the proposed changes relates to conspiracy to fix prices or divide up the market in order to lessen competition. The courts have made a mockery of this section of the statute as yet, making the Crown hard to prove a price-fixing deal was implemented with the intent of unduly lessening competition. "All you had to say was we didn't intend to lessen competition unduly, we just wanted to make it more efficient," explains Dennis De Mello, deputy director of investigation in the Bureau of Competition Policy. This demand in the Atlantic Sugar case in 1976 led to a Federal Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister's decision to instruct the judges to be stopped with contempt of court and resign in disgrace from the cabinet. New task in charge, Chrétien's plan is to make evidence of a price-fixing conspiracy enough in itself to render a company liable to proceed to the U.S. law, but will still raise a storm of protest. "A lot of people will say we live in a country of oligopolies and oligopolies should be free to operate as they want, so long as they are not in restraint of competition," says Don Menzies, governor of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

For all their impending howl, critics of the changes will recognize the law is not broken on as much as the 1976 general Sherman anti-trust act, which governs U.S. monopolies. There, a corporation can expect courts to move against it when it acquires more than a 20-per cent share of its market. Canada, with its smaller market, requires more directly relevant evidence that it dominates international markets, and that will be the theme of this summer's corporate lobbying before the bill is tabled, likely in October. "We'll make a solid wall of opposition from big business," says De Mello. Many say that the bill is just a bait "It's so much a question of philosophy as it is of business."

—IAN ANDERSON



divine-mustard-based form of 2,4-D herbicide by raising some stock up on the chemical because it is a quicker weed killer than a safer, well-permitted form of 2,4-D. Supplies at the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool's farm service centre in Regina show sold out immediately after the government's announcement.

• In October, 1979, Health and Welfare Canada recommended that the herbicide rosin be banned shortly thereafter, the manufacturer voluntarily withdrew it from the market. But in August, 1980, the was left on sale in Saskatchewan and other parts of Canada—without the cautionary labelling required on TSC sold in the U.S. "Warning to female workers. Women of childbearing age should not be involved with mixing, loading or application of this product. Exposure to this product during pregnancy must be avoided." Labelling in Canada is regulated by Agriculture Canada, run by environmental scientists as in the U.S.

Increasingly, however, the pesticide industry is fighting back with Multinationals weapons of diversion on a planet without pesticides. About 60 firms, most of them foreign controlled, speak through the Canadian Agricultural Chemical Association and its president, A.D. (Buddy) St. Clair. "You not saying

Greenman averages spraying forests: Biodiversity do we know what we're doing?



was a environmental health consultant Dr. David Penman, according to St. Clair, "appears to be on a crusade to undermine the position of the pesticide industry in Canada. Why? I would only make a few unpalatable guesses. He is a clever fellow who wants to do it. He is a convinced socialist." Penman, he continued, enjoyed "sort of a private chemistry" to Regina Leader-Post reporter Peter van der Horst, who, St. Clair said, "definitely exists as a writer against our industry" (Van der Horst, who broke the 1977 story last June, is a journalist based on this article).

Transferring pesticide registration to health and environmental authorities, together with stricter surveillance of



Signs of multi-merger, Ouellet going to court, 1976, back in charge.



a government board to determine whether it would lessen competition "significantly." But any company could attempt to enlarge its market share—it simply could not use its size to buy the least-competitive. The objective is to keep the market honest by maintaining as many players as possible. It is unlikely, government sources say, that Kenneth Thompson would have been allowed to buy the FT Publications Ltd. shares under these proposals, since the Hudson's Bay Co. would have put pressure to acquire Simpsons Ltd. department stores in 1979. New Bruns-

Oiling up the spud machine

Six thousand acres may seem like a pretty small potato to some western ranchers, but in tiny Prince Edward Island it represents a massive holding for a single corporate owner. That was why Island farmers reeled with shock, alarm and cries of protest as word leaked out recently that Cerevisish Farms, the province's only producer of frozen French fries, wanted to buy 6,000 acres of potato land to add to some 3,000 acres it already owns.

But a law passed last year forces Cerevisish to get permission from the la-

governor whose holdings in potatoes, products, trucking, shipping and newspapers make it the biggest potato in the Maritimes economic pot.

The idea of the huge buying resources being pitted against the Island potato growers who sell to Cerevisish confirmed all the fears individual farmers have about "vertical integration" in agriculture. Seen under the new law, Islanders still can't find out just how much land the biggest owner or control through leases, never mind how many farmers depend on the corporation for their financing, and this is a matter on which the company does not care to comment. Eric Hamill of the P.E.I. Federation of Agriculture says, "As far as we can discover, Cerevisish now owns about 3,000 acres and has leased a couple of farms which give them control of another 1,000 to 1,200 acres. I know



land government for the potatoes, and Premier Angus MacLean has all but promised he will not allow that—'whatever sophisticated arguments' or threats the company may use. Almost any Island potato farmer will tell you privately, however, that if Cerevisish doesn't already own that 6,000 acres, under some legal guise, it has control of a good chunk of it. Finding out just how much is another matter.

Under a P.E.I. law passed in 1970, no nonresident, whether individual or corporate, can buy more than 30 acres of the Island without cabinet approval. But that law contained a glaring loophole. Any nonresident could buy up an Island company and then acquire as much land as he cared to with no one the wiser. Last year the government moved to close that loophole with a law requiring disclosure of corporate ownership—and that forced the real owners of Cerevisish to come out of the closet. That's another thing almost any potato farmer could have told you—the company is actually owned by K.C. Irving Ltd., the New Brunswick-based con-

cerned farmers think they have the whole 6,000, but we haven't been able to find this out far more." Confirms Wayne Baxter of the National Farmers Union. "There's no question but that they control more than we realize," adding that another New Brunswick giant, McCain's Foods, "has far more than the Irving's." Baxter says McCain's owns two farm machinery dealerships in the heart of potato country, and "we know people who are controlled back, stock and barrel because McCain's provides their financing and takes whatever they produce."

Both Hamill and Baxter say the new law still doesn't allow the public to find out who owns land where, and Baxter charges that "all the current legislation does is let us know how fast what's left of the Island is being sold." And if Irving's makes it, the federal government will help Cerevisish to get even bigger. The company has applied to the department of regional economic expansion for \$1.5 million to finance a production line in P.E.I. turning out dehydrated potatoes.—KENNETH WELLS

Atlantic Provinces

Red sales in the sunset

They have been a sharp controversy for five fishing seasons along Canada's Atlantic shores as with their resurgence this year, "over-the-side" fish sales are on the verge of becoming an eastern institution. In the next few months, Eastern European ships will be flooding fish markets along the coast, buying thousands of tons of herring, mackerel and gasparra (allowcod) straight from the jetting decks of Canadian fishing boats. The fishermen like the arrangement—but local fish processors have been loud and long in their denunciations of it.

The program, known as "direct sales" or "over-the-side sales," comes with the blessing of federal Fisheries Minister Ronéo LeBlanc, the avowed ally of in-shore fishermen. Last year, the sales involved only one per cent of all fish caught in Atlantic Canada, yet the \$1.3 million they brought in was "very valuable and important," says Assistant Deputy Fisheries (Atlantic) Minister Art May. The sales involved individual fishermen's incomes by as much as 35 per cent, especially in marginal fishing areas where hand-up fishermen scrape

fishermen who operate this is a lower boat on smaller leader 10 metres independently owned vessels.



Lalime, P.E.I. mackerel boat sailing to Russia at sea a nearly wedge

by on catches of in-ground fish such as mackerel and gasparra. The modern "run" comes in enormous quantities for short periods of time, and fishermen in parts of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, in particular, are coming to depend on the huge sales to far-exceed in volume too great for local processors to handle.

To processors, direct sales represent the thin edge of a very sharp wedge that threatens to cost Canadian jobs and attacks the development of the industry by cutting into export markets and forcing up the price they must pay fishermen (the foreign buyers pay up to 50 per cent more). "The competition made up being unfair," says Peter Nicholson, vice-president of H.E. Nicholson & Sons Ltd., one of the largest East Coast processors. "It will always be possible for

an Eastern blue country to come in and offer more, and bid away the supply from Canadian processors, because their vessels operate on a completely different economic basis from ours." Nicholson fears that the sales will spread in volume and species, undermining a greater part of the business.

The arguments on both sides have been well aired. In Nicholson's words over employment, Eric McCurdy of the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers union says that, while full employment is a fine aspiration, "it's unfair to ask fishermen to subsidize that policy goal by passing up the profits offered by foreign buyers." Handling sales to Polish ships came with

strings attached—the fish is only for their domestic use—and government organizers point out that it's unfair to deny markets to fishermen just because certain processors don't have the facilities to handle all the fish the boats can catch.

This year, fishermen have been asked to monitor the program themselves, a further step in the institutionalization of direct sales since it reduces the federal government's intermediary role. Representatives of the Maritime Fishermen's Union and the Eastern Fishermen's Federation, which between them represent most Maritime fishermen, will oversee the sales. Fish marketing in the East may never return to the days when the price and volume of all sales was set by the processors alone.—MICHAEL CANNON

No visas for the gizzard shad

In the case of Washington Federal Court Judge Charles Richey were looking at once last Friday there was good cause. Pacific Maritime environmentalists—members of the Action Committee Against Garrison—had asked all Manitobans to hook horns, ring bells and sound sirens in his honor. Judge Richey's resident popularity stemmed from his ruling last week that not a penny more may be spent on the Garrison diversion project until Congress reauthorizes it.

The project, first talked of in 1880, is designed to irrigate 250,000 acres of North Dakota farmlands by diverting Missouri River water, which would drain into the Red River, which flows into Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay. Canadian experts have warned that such a transfer of water would wreck fishing in Manitoba by introducing alien fish and plant species, such as the



Start of the Garrison Dam on the North Dakota, the judge said 'yes' but...

ugly looking gizzard shad. Work on the project began in 1968 when costs were estimated at \$212 million—and have since risen above \$1 billion. With some \$357 million spent so far, Judge Richey's stop-work order is viewed as a monumental victory by the U.S. National Audubon Society, which has been fighting the project in various courts since 1972. His decision is feared by the society—and the many Canadian

groups backing it—came just one day before a multimillion-dollar contract was to be let. Said Gene Krenner, a Winnipeg consultant to the anti-Garrison group: "Ottawa has been making diplomatic protests since 1968, but I think Judge Richey has finally stopped this scheme in the bud. The business

must be making their heads in their beer." Not convinced was Jack Morris, mayor of the Manitoba town of Morris, near the U.S. border, who draws its drinking water from the Red River. "Frankly, it's stupid and don't treat them. It's been a bloody pork barrel project from day one and they'll try to make it somehow. That polluted water is only a short north channel away." His fears may be well founded, for North Dakota Governor Alan Good named Richey's ruling "a weak decision that I don't think is binding on the present administration." He foresees further legal battles upstream.

At least the ruling has provided a much needed breathing space. Says Krenner: "The diversion has set Garrison supporters back by several years. Though only 18 per cent of the project was complete, the critical link with Canadian waters would have been only a year or two away." Meanwhile, Manitoba is fighting the plan. The three American Audubon allies have a time-out to raise funds to pay legal bills (they to top \$16,000)—PETER CALLENDER GALLER



Staleness, who watched from four-minute stiffs. Circus manager **Raggle Anwar** has assured the public the elephant is friendly and gentle, but afraid of tripping. Harming Marie would be wrong, he said, because "then they come down and want to shoot your elephants."

After 14 years of publishing the praised but not always profitable *Man of George Rags* and *Michael Trumbo*, Vancouver's *Taschebooks* finally has a full-course success in *Marie Maudslow's Marie: Never Cooked Life*. This With 20,000 copies of the notebook said,

Singer Dal Pella, a long time plucking



Guillermo Richards and ex-friend Hanson: a second formal sitting

Reminder of an impending North American tour by the **Reigning Stones** next fall gained more evidence last week when members of the 10-year-old band converged in New York to do some planning. **Guillermo Richards** now spends most of his time there, where girlfriend **Patti Hanson** has a burgeoning modeling career. He has even taken to posing himself, allowing photographer **Lynn Goldsmith** to capture him as what is only the second formal sitting in his career. **Stones** fans will also be pleased to know that an album of new music is in the works. Recently **Mark Jagger** headed just before saxophonist **Sonny Rollins** into the studio to lay down some distinctive tunes over the usual grinding rhythms. Admiring that he's as familiar with the *Stones*'s music, **Rollins** could only suggest: "It sounded like rock 'n' roll."

Like fellow conspirator **Charles Colson**, married **Walter** **Stuart** **Magnader** found God had more answers than a taped telephone. But after completing 2½ years of study toward a master's degree in divinity, **Magnader**, 66, took a large bite of the world of matrimony. He became vice-president of a dental manufacturing company, but false teeth evidently didn't fill his plate. Now **Magnader** is back in divinity school and this time he promises to graduate. The former *Nixon* aide says he will probably sweeten as later go into parish ministry.

"I's been 39 years since they were plucking my eyebrows for dimpling Jodelis," says 21-year-old show-biz veteran **Lisa Dal Pella**. "I feel like I've been doing this a long time." But things are just starting to happen for the singer-songwriter who topped Canadian charts two years ago with her song *Pretty Girls*—which has gone on to be a hit in the U.S. for **Melanie Manchester**. Dal Pella's third album, *Don't Worry*, is set to launch her career to a North America-wide audience already enjoying her backup vocals in the *Bad Seagulls* single *Miss Sue*. "I'm drawing from my experiences all the time," she says. "When I was 19 and singing songs about love affairs, I was just a girl with a good imagination."

The usual glibal shrieks at last week's *Whispering Shrine Circus* turned fearful on 6,000 big top fans watched **Marie** the baby elephant jump. When the blunder was wearing stopped between her legs, trainer **Wapka** **Wapka** **Pitts** was knocked down as he attempted to disentangle the animal. For his efforts, he was stopped on several times, sustaining minor injuries. "It was a freak accident. They hate to step on people," explained clown **Toby**

Moss is now going into third grade while center-backstage **Wooden**, 38, finishes off her next work—a cookbook for kids. Reprising the maternal title of her current success *Melanie Adams*, *Mother* *Ros* also opens a terrific can of corn 10/10s and remained one of a very early start that the biggest turn in life is a "TV dinner."

The guest list was impressive enough—counting members of the imperial family and ambassadors from Spain and France. Only the master himself was missing. In his place, daughter **Mia** **Picasso** spent the month officially spending *Picasso* *Crown*, a major exhibition in Tokyo of 188 never-before-seen

works. There has been *Picasso* on display in Japan before, but there are in Japan to stay. For the second time in a year, Tokyo art dealer **Sosuke Yamamoto** had negotiated a multimillion-dollar *Picasso* purchase. Both *Mia* and the Japanese media consortium behind the deal are smiling, because her share of *Picasso*'s private collection has brought in needed capital, they because the price she only got up. The Japanese public, too, is smiling. For the next three years, the exhibition will tour the country before taking up permanent residence in a museum close to Tokyo. The "We may have been the pearls of the grape, but now that the wine markets of the world have been covered by the Japanese future here are being judged on the art market."

After holidaying in Europe, former *Charlie's Angel* **Jaquie Smith** has begun jockeying for a role that proves to figure prominently in next season's TV ratings war. She will play the title role in a three-hour made-for-TV movie titled *Jeopardy* *Roscoe Kennedy* covering the life of the former first lady from early life to the fateful trip she

Smith, playing a former first lady, means changing clothing 75 times



and husband **John Kennedy** took to Dallas in 1961. *Jeopardy* *Roscoe Kennedy* *Oswald* has declined participation in the film, though her office supplied some research, and the producers plan to concentrate on her life with her family and as a photographer in Washington. Viewers will be treated to 12 costume changes, and plenty of sailing sequences with Seattle as *Hyman* *Port* and the famed *Social* *Francisco* as *JFK*. Under consideration for similar treatment is the life of *Margaret* *Heck*, but the next biopic will be the *Marie* *Calvin* story.

This year's tonic for the troops is tap. Canadian model **Suzi Palowicz**, who joins the *Canadian Armed Forces* entertainment extravaganza *Shoreline*



Palowicz, this year's tonic for the troops

31 next month for a tour through *Greece*, *Cyprus*, *Syria*, *Dominica* and the *Galax* *Heights* for 25,000 *Canadians* and *US* troops. *Producer* *Andy* *Body* has taken five *US* *Canadians* on each tour, but he decided to ask *Palowicz* along this year instead, following her success as the cover girl of the October issue of *Playboy*, when she handed out kisses and boons while wearing an *RCMP* jacket



Rosowski, his and his friends for 90 days

and riding boots. Her part of the show includes talking about herself, explaining how the *Mounties* always get their meals, then posing six gorgeous dancers in red and white sequins who will sing "Give the same men who are mouthed out?" Follows a philosophical about her work "I'm not going to take on all the problems those guys have being in the army," she says. "I'm just going to believe them."

As he ended the first week of a 90-day starvation diet last Friday to protest the federal government's proposed charter of rights, *Whispering* *anti-bureaucratic* *Joe* *Rosowski* still had plenty of energy to attack the "charter of death" and its creator, *Pluma* *Troun* *Borowski*, a minister of transportation in former premier *Ed* *Schreyer*'s cabinet, now runs a health food store and has moved to stick to a diet of herbal tea and lemonade, come what may. "I expect to work for a month and my body has conditioned any fat, then I'll have to slow down," he says. He believes the charter of rights will give the way for abortion on demand. *Borowski*, who is being posed in the fact by wife, *Joan*, and daughter *Marlene*, 11, for the first three weeks, says he will stop short of suicide "since that's against the faith."

—SELECTED BY MARSHA BULLMAN

Take me out to the TV room

By Hal Quinn

It's just got the *hush* again, and yet the greatest hockey fans we could find and put them in the first five rows.

—Harold Ballard

The band finishes its rendition of "The Hockey Anthem" and the players take their positions for the opening kickoff of the Grey Cup game. A crowd's rare blares from the public address system, but not from the handful of spectators in the stadium.

But, after this season, when there were 4,000 empty seats for the Buffalo Sabres first playoff game, the Sabres have decided to make-out its fewer home games next year, and add 11 away games. Jake Gaudreau, commissioner of the Canadian Football League (CFL), likewise edges the possible threat season is being sold for \$1.30 per game, but subscribers must purchase all 16 games. They pay \$60 now and \$66 when the preseason begins. There are 200,000 homes wired to cable TV in the Seattle area, and Schneider's break-even point is 10,000 subscribers. "We started making the package in April and we've been getting 30 to 40 orders per day," he says. "The studios show that we should get 20 percent of the existing cable homes (approximately 20,000) and 60 to 80 percent of new cable subscribers. After the first 10,000, we'll make \$300,000 for every 10,000 after that." That's an easy \$2 million—hence the megapack sales.



Some envision empty stadiums when pay-TV takes over, while others see full houses and riches

and empty arenas, or megapacks. For Harold Ballard, owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, the move is needed. "In busy weather, why would somebody pay \$15 to go to the park and sit in the cold, when he could pay \$1.50 sit at home with a can of beer, and have a hell of an afternoon?" But Peter Rossi, president of the Toronto Blue Jays, disagrees. "Marketed properly it can be used to attract people to come out to the ballpark. A pay-TV show can feature the entire event as an attractive entertainment."

to attendance, but admits: "You can't arbitrarily disregard pay-TV because the potential revenues are so great." Sam Schneider owns the Seattle SuperSonics of the National Basketball Association. Beginning next season, all Sonics home, away and preseason games will be available on pay-TV, a first. League commissioners and owners of teams in every pro sport now watching and waiting to see if the numbers are right, that Schneider will have to prove in real waters as his team plays in an empty stadium. The Sonics

package, they could share more than \$100 million annually. Canada is the most "cable" country in the world with approximately 70 percent of sets wired to an open system or satellite, and Canadian cable TV technology is the most sophisticated. It is also one of the most heavily regulated systems. Whereas U.S. systems can provide anything from porno films to 24 hours of sports, Canadian license agreements must satisfy the CRTC's Canadian content requirements and "spinning" prohibitions. "Three main factors we

will consider," says Larry Dunn, director general of broadcast planning and development for the CRTC, "are the percentage of time that is Canadian content, the percentage of programs acquired in Canada and the percentage of gross revenue devoted to acquiring Canadian programming." Spinning-taking programs that are currently broadcast without charge and putting them on pay-TV is a three-pronged policy.

The FCC (Federal Communications Commission) in the U.S. has had difficulty legally and operationally with spinning. "We've been in its rat's nest for a long time," says Dunn. "In its rat's nest to applicants, the CRTC suggests that applicants should not be licensed, preferring not to legislate against it unless necessary. Pay-TV in Canada will not mean that subscribers will immediately enjoy all the games of the Expos, Eskimos, White Caps or whatever they fancy, but it shouldn't be long. The CRTC, for instance, is entering into the first year of its most lucrative TV package ever, a three-year network deal. But as Gaudreau says: "Of course we wouldn't allow games into cities at a time when home fans are playing, but say eight million Canadian sets are wired to cable, one million pay for pay-TV, and 25 percent of those want to watch football. Say they were charged \$1 per game, and there's 72 games. That's \$18 million."

Potential revenues for Canada's 22 major league franchises are impossible to predict. The baseball teams, playing 162 games, are in the most advantageous position and with just 22 home games and 14 Expos games scheduled on free TV, they have little concern with spinning. The most likely development is packages of teams from different sports being sold to regional pay-TV systems. Aside from the upcoming Sonics in the New York City area, the example of Ed Snider, chairman of the board of the Philadelphia Flyers—who put together the rights to the baseball Phillies, hockey Flyers and basketball 76ers and sold them as an ensemble—will probably be followed. Groups of teams, or even leagues, could sell their package to each licensee, subscribers purchasing what would amount to a sports channel.

The National Hockey League (NHL) is widely viewed as cable system's in the U.S. now, and league President John Ziegler has few fears of 300 games being "played" in TV studios, as some have suggested. "We're an entertainment business and not a 1,000 live shows a year. This year we played in 80-percent capacity with all the TV exposure. That's one of the best percentages in the business." Ziegler adds, however, that if the NHL had "40,000 to 50,000 sold seats in its home arenas, we'd be in a hell of a lot better position." Perhaps voicing that concern, beyond

the revenue, of pay-TV for many owners and league commissioners, John Gaudreau says: "People are now still willing to pay \$60 to take someone out to a game, but at what price they are unwilling to pay to watch a game. I might be old-fashioned, but I think one who enjoys the stands, the sport would die." ☐

A new team sport on green tables

Cliff Thorburn of Toronto and Natalie Statham of Sudbury, Ont., teamed up last week to win the first-ever Guinness World Snooker Championship on the Isle of Wight in southern England. The two Canadians were defeated by English professionals John Virgo and Vesa Savola, winner of the 1980 Women's World Championship and the most-titled women's snooker player in the world. "We didn't win our tournaments



Thorburn: 70 million viewers tuned in

as individuals," says Thorburn, "so we win as a pair."

At the end of three hours the Canadians led by 34 points thanks to steady breaks in the high 30s and 50s throughout by Thorburn, and some uncharacteristically tight safety play by Statham. John Virgo led to follow her in the playing order for two hours and she allowed him only seven points in the two Early in the fourth frame

Virgo made a break (run) of 61 points on a long red stake shot, and Thorburn's and Statham's hopes were dashed. As Virgo moved to the last red ball, the gap had narrowed to just 16 points. But as calmly in off the black saved the match. Thorburn knocked out the pink and the match was conceded. The Canadians received £1,000 for their win.

An estimated 14 million TV viewers watched the championship. Clive Everton, editor of *Snooker Scene* magazine and best known for his British TV commentaries, said: "This event will be very popular with viewers, both men and women. The tactical play in many breaks is crucial and it's the women players who have to handle that. You don't want to leave any balls on a Steve Davis or a Cliff Thorburn are following after you."

After the match Thorburn said, "Natalie is the No. 3 aggressive woman player in the world. She hits a long ball like a man, but you can't be too aggressive to win a four-ball game. They came back at us but we handled them by

making so many out-of-the-world safety shots. Snooker, women in snooker will be so exciting to watch as women in tennis and golf."

The physical equivalent of chess, snooker demands a high degree of sophisticated shot selection, balancing risk against possible gain and seeking ways of applying pressure to the opponent. These skills are greatly admired in England, and Statham and Thorburn are admired as stars.

—LINDA WELLS

Bouey at anchor



Bouey, Governor (left), President (right) talking, like a banker at the table of inflation

By Susan Riley

There is nothing defiant or provocative about Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey when he says, "It is not the bank's job to be popular." He speaks like the consummate bureaucrat that he is. The 47-year-old quietly infusing an office politeness that if he doesn't curb his high living he faces a possible lingering death. Last week, Bouey took his message to the West, delivering his strongest message in Edmonton, where he presented the bad news to a sleek, youthful crowd of financial analysts the Bank of Canada's interest rate was going up to a record 13.75 per cent. It was the seventh increase in seven weeks and it set off a saw-familiar chain of events—increases in the chartered banks' lending rates to the 30-per-cent range, further jumps in mortgage costs across the country, howls of protest from the Opposition in Ottawa and some quiet corporate check-tying, even among the anchorite young capitalists of the New West.

There is nothing this measured, shy man would like better than to see inflation disappear and interest rates to drop so that he could retreat to quiet anonymity—the natural habitat of cen-

trar genius with his nose fixed firmly on the main target, inflation, and he does not question the broader conduct of the law.

The policy Bouey is pursuing is an adaptation of the new economic religion known as "monetarism." Crudely put, it aims to keep interest rates high enough to discourage borrowing—by consumers, business and government—

which, in turn, should discourage growth in the economy, spending and, ultimately, inflation. By aiming to control the money supply, monetarism has several unfortunate side effects. One of its byproducts is increasingly onerous debt loads for some homeowners, small businesses and farmers. The same policy is being pursued with a sort of frenzied gusto by Margaret Thatcher's government in England and with high moral fervor by Ronald Reagan's disciples in Washington. The Canadian version is, as usual, a hybrid—less comprehensive, more gradual.

What worries many economists is that the tight money approach does not



appear to be working—here, or in England. Despite continual leaps in interest rates over the past few years, Canadians are continuing to borrow heavily. In the six years since the bank converted to monetarism, inflation has grown worse, and many say it will get worse still before it gets better. Some even argue that the bank's high interest rate policy is contributing to inflation. Bouey's reaction? Don't abandon the cure, increase the dosage.

Twenty-four years ago, Bouey was a small-town Saskatchewan boy with a few years military service behind him, a degree from Queen's University and a job with the Bank of Canada in Ottawa. He remembers shopping for his first house in the early '50s, following a ball-dancer into a building site in midwinter and buying the plot where the house stopped. Today Bouey and his wife still live in the same home in a pleasant, middle-class suburb of Ottawa. He has done well at the bank. He now earns about \$80,000 a year, plays a bit of golf, enjoys family life—for some, the very portrait of a class enemy. Yet Bouey bristles at the inference. "Some critics seem to believe the typical central banker condones a pathological obsession with fighting inflation with a heartless disregard for the unemployed," Bouey said in his first speech as governor in 1978. He said then, and says today, it is inflation that hurts the poor and the middle class far more severely than high interest rates.

Nonetheless, that is small comfort to people talking to their bank managers today. It isn't very reassuring for the jobless either. "We have to consider the human costs of this policy," says New Democratic Party finance critic Bob Rae, one of the bank's more vocal foes.

Economists pretend to be a science, but it depends a good deal on something less tangible—faith, public attitudes. Bouey and other economists worry about "inflationary expectations." People nowadays expect prices and wages to creep continually upward—the challenge in turning those expectations around. Bouey is not one to speak wordily of simpler times. He does not fret, specifically, on the frantic pursuit of second cars, machines that vacuum clean the lawn or expensive account dinners. What people do with their money, he feels, is none of his—or anyone's—business. Instead, he relies on monetary restraint to force discipline on society. "It is an important way to make government intervention which tells people what they can and cannot do."

But people still have to be convinced the effects of monetarism are being distributed impersonally, fairly, and that is partly why Bouey is abandoning his air-conditioned Ottawa office tower more fre-



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quently of late to take his message to the streets. It doesn't help his case that while ardent Canadiana suffer they see the chartered banks making record profits or hear their own provincial premier—last week, Alberta's Peter Lougheed—tell them the bank's policy discriminates more against the West than the East, since most of the country's growth is happening out west.

Meanwhile, among economic circles, there's a growing falling-out over macroeconomics as a fundamental approach. Economists, such as Toronto consultant Arthur Donner, say it just isn't working. Other critics say that most of our industrial ills stem from the Canadian economy in just a creak bobbing in the wake of the American super-tanker, buffeted by everything from OPEC oil prices to arbitrary shortages off the coast of Peru. All a tight money policy at home accomplishes, they argue, is a slowdown in our own growth with no appreciable decline in prices. Why not lower our own interest rates, get the economy humming, aim for full employment so that at least we can deal with inflation from a position of domestic strength, they ask. Boney's reply, delivered at a press conference in Moose Jaw last week, is almost staccato: "You're driving a car that is running downhill out of control and the brakes don't seem to be working. What do you do—take your foot off altogether?"

One thing that irks Boney and his advisers—criticisms that they are applying "old-fashioned" to complex modern problems, that they aren't using any imagination Boney says he would be only too happy to find a better alternative to monetarism, but that he just hasn't heard of one. There have been suggestions from all corners—more public investment, control on prices and wages, a so-called tax-based incomes policy to encourage companies to keep

wages linked live, a quick solution to the energy pricing impasse—and one common refrain best expressed by Ross Preston, associate with the Economic Council of Canada: "We're got to listen to our survival instinct. We've got to learn to save now and consume later."

While the debate rages on, a disconcerting poll has fallen over the barmy day in Ottawa. "It just isn't safe to have ideas," says one disillusioned economic planner. Apart from repeated promises to curtail the deficit, Finance Minister Allan Rock has been silent, while Gerald Boney stoically suffers in, or, as he sees words, "as a lightning rod for the flock." He asks Canadians to be patient: monetarism will work. In fact, it is ironic that a man so leery of making predictions, so scrupulously careful, makes his final appeal to faith—faith that the necessary economic shocks will eventually bring us to our senses, unless, as his critics fear, they bring us to our knees first. ☐

Sandblasted BCRIC

It was more like a pitched battle than a corporate annual meeting, but that's to be expected when the company is the British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. (BCRIC). A huge mound of nearly 2,000, mostly stockholders, witnessed a parade in the microphones as a Vancouver hotel ballroom last week as the sandblasts flew. Presumably, the company thwarted an attempt by a group of disgruntled shareholders—organized by Vancouver accountant and self-styled crusader Grant Carson—to place three dissenters on BCRIC's eight director board. For the time being, at least, the company lives, unchanged, to fight another day.



Boney (above), assistant Censor to fight another day



Why is BCRIC so "misunderstood"? The company's biggest dividends seem to have come in the form of bad publicity. With \$1.8 billion in coal, oil, gas and forestry assets, BCRIC shares, valued at \$6 when B.C. residents were offered five free shares in the company to get the experiment rolling, are now hanging down at closer to \$1. Last month BCRIC lost out to Toronto-based Noranda Mines Ltd. in a take-over of B.C.'s own giant MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. forestry firm. Some shareholders estimated 30% for making the bid—others far less. It. Some would see BCRIC as a profit machine. No wonder new \$550,000-a-year President Bruce Boney has a hard time.

The company withdrew a proposal last week to double common shares to 200 million and add 100 million preferred shares. With dissenting shareholders watching every move, the directors have decided to be low, holding expansion. The best investment the company has made in all these stormy recent months may turn out to be its new public relations director.

—MALCOLM GLAY

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TRIDEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFREY WATSON

HBOG-gobbling

It's the first significant power play by Canadiana's foreign-bank oil and gas companies since Petro-Canada's government-sponsored bid for Petro-Canada two months ago. Not surprisingly, it sprang from Dene Petroleum Ltd., the Calgary-based energy giant.

While most of the oil and gas multinationalists act in concert as a globally minded group of smaller Canadian independents, have been travelling over the leadership imposed under new federal National Energy Program (NEP) guidelines, Dene went ahead earlier this winter with its own scheme to set up a new subsidiary with guaranteed 30-per-cent ownership in order to qualify for full federal exploration grants. Last week,

Dene unveiled plans to take over (and thus Canadianize) Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Co., one of Canada's top 15 oil and gas producers, currently 50-per-cent owned by Conoco Inc., the seventh-largest U.S. oil company, which is based in Houston, Texas. The offer, which could go as high as \$1.75 billion. Financed by loans through a consortium of four of Canada's big five banks (all but Scotiabank), the proposed deal, resolving a complicated share swap with Conoco, was pushed out by Dene Chairman Jack Callagher.

Hours before the bid was announced last week, Dene directors were huddled together in a hasty conference call to approve final terms. Conoco's board "so far have indicated no proposals," says an ever optimistic Callagher, "and we'll know next week whether we're welcome." —ANTHONY WILTON/STARR

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LIVING

Catching on to the creative juggler's art

A 30-year-old water Charlie Robertson walks along Bloor Street to work each day, he likes to indulge in his current passion—juggling. If he feels good, he may use the theme song from *Three Men in a Boat*, and if he feels especially good he may attempt flipping one ball under his leg behind his back and off his head. That act is guaranteed to jar the most jaded Yorktonian out of his designer-elad eccentricity. Flip, flip, whomp, jow! Says he, "I like the audience I get."

"More people have been taught to juggle by us in the last couple of years than have ever been taught."

The budding juggler needs only three rubber balls and a lot of patience, says enthusiastic Robertson. While it took him only three days to learn the basic juggling move, "rounding" three balls from one hand to the other, it can take years for a professional juggler to master more elaborate feats of juggernaut: spinning knives, flaming sticks or plates. Says Melbourne, 22, a



Robertson, from the simple to the elaborate professional levels of juggernaut

Enlighten in this year's de Mieritz Search for Stars for his water juggling act, recommends one additional tip: "The people above me said below me," he says, "hate me."

The attraction of juggling are manifold. Robertson is used to the challenge, while Melbourne claims juggling is a unique form of creative exercise which improves eye-hand coordination and reflexes. Mike Sakell, a drummer for a rock band, juggles to improve his concentration while enjoying relaxed. Juggler extraordinaire Graham Platt, who focuses his computer studies by juggling professionally, says the growing interest in the art is now revealing other popular multidimensional variety forms such as unicycling. At its most basic, perhaps, juggling is an outlet for the slant show-off, a sentiment echoed by 22-year-old business student David Morris. He enjoys tossing objects in the air because, "It's risky. It impresses the hell out of people." —JENNIFER KIRBY

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TECHNOLOGY

A quest for hidden ore

From Burkana, N.D., to Faro in the Yukon, the painstaking search for ore deposits employs more than 5,000 private-sector geologists. All depend partly on the findings of researchers such as the University of Toronto's Steven Scott, who has been focusing attention on the role of fault lines—deep cracks in the earth's crust—as clues to the location of rich deposits of copper, lead, zinc, silver and gold. Scott points out that these deposits were originally laid down along faults. "We can see these processes in operation now, on the entire West coast of Baja California," he elaborates. "Hot springs that rise from the cracks on the ocean floor and leech metals from the sea water are laying down rich deposits in a regular way." Millions of years and many geological transformations later, some of the depositing fractures shade away detection. Only satellite photographs reveal the critical line or "lineament."

Scott's insight struck him when, during a 1987 visit to a mining site in northern Honduras in Japan, he turned his attention to some wall maps of the area and began tracing imaginary lines connecting various ore bodies known to be found there. A pattern emerged: the ore bodies seemed to be occurring along underlying fault lines familiar to geologists, and to cluster where faults intersected. Since the Japanese deposits, called massive sulphides, rich in metals that are bound to sulphur, correspond geologically to others found in the Huron-Keeweenaw area of Quebec, Scott suggested that his research had implications for Canada. With mine production accounting for 38 per cent of this country's exports, the bottom-line benefits could be considerable.

While the theory remains unproven, the evidence looks promising. In Honduras, two new ore discoveries have been found along a fault. In Burkana, a lead-zinc-copper mine rivals the intersection of known faults with a lineament. And in Noranda, Que., where Falconbridge Copper Corp. announced a major copper-iron find in January of this year, the location could have been predicted within a thousand metres by using data from one of Scott's just-published papers. Says Michael Knabner, Falconbridge's chief geologist, "In principle Scott is right."

—AUSTIN RABD

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LABOR

Class action suits take on strikers

By Larry Black

Every few months, Claude Brunet, a 40-year-old avoider who has spent his life lying chest down on a rolling stretcher, is wheeled into a Montreal courtroom where he watches his lawyers argue the \$22-million lawsuit he has launched under Quebec's unique class action legislation. Brunet is using the law, introduced two years ago to help consumer activists, in a damage suit on behalf of a "class" of wronged citizens—in this case, his fellow patients at Montreal's St. Charles Borromeo chronic-care hospital. But Brunet isn't taking on the corporate goliaths the law was aimed at—the medical pharmaceutical firms peddling poorly tested drugs, or the manufacturers of a diagnosis wheelchair. He is



Brunet directs patients' claims against hospital workers' union from his bed

using a union, the hospital staff at St. Charles Borromeo, which cares for the institution's 280 permanent residents.

Brunet wants compensation paid to the patients for the suffering they endured during an illegal five-day workers' strike 18 months ago. Claiming for "services not rendered"—grounds that could be used in most suits against striking unions—Brunet's litigation stands to draw heavily on union powers, in this instance multiplying a single claim almost 300-fold. The hospital workers, though still frustrated by the chronic short-staffing and under-

standing that sparked this strike and a series of others, can only wait for the resolution of the court case. Says Jean Baril, a marshie aide at the hospital and a union member: "When the administration puts the squeeze on us now, we're forced to resort to a lot of little things short of a walkout."

The success of the patients' actions so far—in January the first of two suits filed was granted permission to proceed by the Supreme Court of Canada—has spurred on a host of Quebecers unhappy with strikes by public employees. In a \$300,000 action against Montreal

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Café de Paris
BY MCGUINNESS

bus drivers, *Geminet* Manitoba is claiming \$1.69 for each of the 150,000 overtime hours by a three-day illegal walkout in St. John's. Likewise, students at a St. Jerome college are suing their teachers for an illegal strike in 1979, which deprived them of instruction.

The current spate of class actions against unions is unheard of in the U.S., which popularized class actions. And many consumer lawyers, who have had relatively meagre success with class actions so far, doubt that the law is really living up to its stated purpose of assisting the little guy belted by an irrespon-

sible corporation. None of the cross-class actions brought against mass factories has yet emerged from the law's convoluted appellate system, which permits a defendant to stall at length appealing first as whether the case can proceed, and then on the judgment itself. Some lawyers predict major disputes could hot more than a year.

Despite the existence of a unique Quebec government fund to aid plaintiffs, brought in at the same time as the law, the heavy financial risk has also dampened interest in pursuing class actions. The Automobile Protection Asso-



Burd: "These claims are tortious."

ciation (APA), for example, brought a \$25-million class action in 1979 on behalf of Quebecers who own Hondas that are allegedly rusting prematurely. But it may have to pay the car manufacturer a one-per-cent penalty fee (\$25,000) because its request for a hearing was denied.

Unions clamored in Canada, are concerned about Quebec's experience. Pierre D'Aboville of the Canadian Labour Congress in Ottawa is upset by what he sees as a "misguided use" of class actions. In Quebec itself, the rulings are ranking a labor movement already restless of what it sees as anti-union bias in the legal system. Clement Groleau, a lawyer for the Confederation of National Trade Unions, which represents the St. Charles Bonheur workers, says Quebec judges are applying the rules more strictly for people seeking permission to sue corporations than for those going after union members. But according to a lawyer David Appel, unions are simply "more vulnerable" to class action suits. "Any time in a judge's hands is likely to go to someone acting against a crown which has given an undue influence. There's a kind of outrage developing in Quebec over hospital strikes, and there's just carrying over into the courts," he says, comments Appel says. "Who knows? Maybe it will be the public that finally takes the unions."

Unions angrily point out, however, that there is no such thing as a "legal strike" in the Quebec public sector. Every walkout by public employees since 1975, when the Parti Quebecois came to power—and often before—has been ended within several days by special legislation withdrawing the workers' right to strike. Concludes Jean Burd: "This way, it's a third party that is stepping in to do the dirty work. Class actions mean the government can wash its hands while we are stripped of the right to strike for better working conditions." □

Which bag would you prefer?



At this moment, President Reagan and his Cabinet are reviewing the future of U.S. Passive Restraint Legislation. (An act that would provide for factory installation of air bags in all cars.)

In Alton's book, this is a perfectly reasonable and proper thing for the Executive Branch of the United States Government to be doing. Except for one slightly disturbing note.

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And everybody knows that, even though nothing is perfect, seat belts provide reasonably good protection on the road.

In spite of these comforting thoughts, we think Canadians should worry.

Because seat belts by definition suffer from a potentially fatal flaw: Human nature.

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And we all know about human nature when it comes to voluntary acts, even if they are life savers.

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(Not to mention the millions of dollars in hospital and highway emergency costs that are borne by us all.)

The sad truth is that even in provinces with strong "buckle up" laws, supported by advertising campaigns, seat belt use is *scarcely* rising. (Example in a recent B.C. survey, seat belt use was found to have slipped from 63% to 54% in just six months. Other provincial surveys could be worse.)

Without even counting on the people who are excluded from using seat belts such as Police, emergency vehicle drivers and individuals with certain medical problems, this leaves a lot of Canadians dangerously unprotected. If only it weren't for human nature!



If you have an opinion on this issue, or if you'd like more air bag information, we'd like to hear from you. Please write: Canadian Information Group, Allstate Insurance Companies of Canada, 255 Canadian Road, St. Albert, Alberta T8N 1K4.

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When the carrousel starts whirling

Some deplore the candy-floss hustle, but Canada's first theme park aims to coast ahead



A Wonderland restaurant hungry visitors will inevitably get past

By Boyd Neil

Wonder Mountain, the winner of a recent promotional contest dubbed it, is the quintessential visual advertisement. A candy-floss peak, it stands 111 feet on prime agricultural land 13 km north of Toronto. For the past year, Wonder Mountain's promise as the town of Vaughan's haven has prompted the May 20 opening of a \$120-million amusement park—Canada's Wonderland. To Mike Pyle, public relations manager for the enterprise, "The mountain is the park's heart." Looking at the end of the park's International Street, flanked by gaudy pavilions meant to appreciate the architecture of various nations, the mountain is actually just one village for the park's air-conditioning system and a springboard for high-flying acts. But to the park's many opponents, Wonder Mountain has become a garish proclamation of "homogeneity," says Vaughan Town Councillor Laura Jackson: "At America's prefabricated fantasies, the park's entertainment unions, concerned that Wonderland's live shows are snuffed by performing arts students rather than professional artists who desperately need the work, it might even seem an arrogant symbol of American corporate collusion."

The power is question if Taft Broadcasting Co. of Cincinnati, which owns 75 per cent of Canada's Wonderland (the other 25 per cent belongs to the Great-

West Life Assurance Co. of Winnipeg). Taft Broadcasting operates seven television and 12 movie stations, and produces animated television programs and motion pictures through Hanna-Barbera Productions and its Productions One of the six first-runners in the American free-fall industry, Taft also owns and operates, either wholly or jointly, five theme parks (finders include the term "amusement park") with its connotation of hustle and candy floss. In 1984 it consolidated net income from all its amusement was \$31.3 million (U.S.).

Canada's Wonderland was among Taft's more timely investments. Theme parks proliferated throughout the U.S. during the early 1970s as a beleaguered American middle class searched for "indolence" family entertainment. By 1977, all the good markets for large parks had been taken. But Taft Broadcasting had found one virgin territory—southern Ontario and Toronto—with 14.5 million potential customers within easy driving distance. Between 1976 and 1978, Taft purchased 370 acres at Highway 406 and Major Mackenzie Drive and began lobbying for an amusement park to feature Hanna-Barbera characters—Yogi Bear, Scooby-Doo and Fred Flinstone.

Eight years later the carrousel is finally whirling. Taft & Taft, general of Taft Broadcasting, looks back on the delay with discomfit: "If it had been told in 1973 that Canada's Won-

derland would take eight years and cost \$120 million, we might not have done it," he says. "Of course, Toronto has continued to grow and the expense is at least balanced by the possibility of higher per capita spending." Taft takes further comfort in his speculation that "Within five years we expect to realize a 25-per-cent annual return on our investment."

The annoying sounds that caused the delay came from backless Vaughan residents who woke one day to find that "a garbage dump," as former resident Ted Pickles later put it, had been planned for their doorstep.



Pickles star in the amusement show

Pleasures and appeals to various government ministries were in vogue. The Taft Broadcasting machine offered the province \$200 million jobs and millions of dollars in taxes, and Ontario Premier William Davis was soon securing park opponents of not letting children Canada's Wonderland was finally approved by the Ontario Municipal Board (OMB) in 1978 with the obligatory recommendation to the ministry of culture and recreation that it "insist upon the maintenance... of a high level of Canadian culture" in the park.

Nothing was said about just how Canadian a roller coaster could be—and indeed, little of Wonderland's present form owes much to the OMB's dictate. If amusement parks are above national boundaries, anonymous like the Canadian-contest must well soon be smothered in fantasy, when the park's expected \$20 million profits look to the true stars of the Wonderland show—the rides. The prices seems in a two-

dimension 80 km/h roller coaster called Dragon Fire. An otherwise bland Chris Gurney, Wonderland's director of attractions, emerges from a few test runs on this yellow and green twisted contraption and pronounces it "thrilling."

In spite of its menacing, chugging, screeching, 800-degree twist, Dragon Fire is quite safe thanks to a combination of microcomputer technology and what Pyle calls the park's "well-trained human component," meaning student ride supervisors. Every aspect of Canada's Wonderland is so finely tuned as Dragon Fire and the other coasters (Mighty Canadian, Wheelbarrow, Wild Beast and Scooby's Ghostly Ghoster) Theme costumes, complete to the last apron and cape, adorn the park's employees. Restaurants, such as Green Gardens and The Yolk Pops, in as well as the bistro visitors who will inevitably drift past. And Gurney has so re-orchestrated the live attrac-



Student hoots, short on our appeal

tion that "none need to be missed."

These live attractions are pivotal to Wonderland's future, which will depend on a high return-on-invest rate by the families who are expected to pay roughly \$70 for a day at the park. Free parks to the basic \$11.95 admission, they are easily revamped for repeat consumption. While jugglers, acrobats, clowns and ubiquitous Hanna-Barbera characters divert strolling guests, some 138 students will present a performance, a musical entertainment on Wonderland's three main stages.

Fresh from a mock pirate battle in The Sea Scurvy, guests can relax with the kids in the Canterbury Theatre, snuggled inside a medieval castle. There they can watch "The Mighty Movers," a wholesome cabaret show pretending to be a Broadway musical



Fantasy pavilions (above and below), a display of finely tuned steel



"It's called 'Theory for Hollywood' in the States, but we thought that sounded a bit too American for here," explains Gurney. The parental patrol-aided arts lack contrived enough for the Great White Way. But though the cost-performing arts students—can belt out a song and do a possible imitation of high-kicking show-dancers, they lack the non-que non of Broadway—sex appeal. Only one or two bang with any experience. Most are at home singing such tame numbers as *On the Good Ship Lollipop* and *Coolly Man*.

Over at the \$300-million International Showplace, Ed Sahely, a Humber College performing arts student, and friends present some of the same pop culture "Singing to the World," a Las Vegas clone, is a medley of middle-of-the-road songs in which Gordon Lightfoot's *If You Could Read My Mind* and Anne Murray's *Swisscheese* song company with *The Most Beautiful Girl*, a "French folk song," and chosen from such TV shows as *Sherry Baby*, *Red, Hot, Pops*, *Don't Stop*, *Duke Gitter* and, for the adults, *Love Boat*.

These live shows have so far proved to be worthy of an entertainment for the park's management. Canadian Actors' Equity and the musicians' and stage bands' unions took the park to task for using temporary student employees and for paying them about \$5.00 an hour. James C. Paine, president of Local 64 of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE) says he is "very upset" and that IATSE will probably mount a picket line on opening day. But the students in the shows seem perfectly content to present four to six shows a day, seven days a week for the whole summer and perform before a total audience of perhaps 1.6 million. Asks Sahely: "Where could I get a job in theatre for a whole summer and be paid this kind of money?" And as both Chris Gurney and Mike Pyle are fond of reminding people, "If the kids weren't here, they would be shagging ham burgers instead."

Taft Broadcasting had originally

planned to expand Canada's Wonderland across the street. There was talk for a time of joining forces with New York's Nederlander Organization to build a 200,000-sq-ft Hollywood Boulevard-style amphitheatre that would feature popular variety acts. But the project is still under scrutiny by a nervous Vaughan Town Council. For the moment, residents seem to have had quite enough of Wonder Mountain and Scooby Doo. "People are willing," says Laura Jackson. "They are afraid of unchecked spin-off development and severe traffic problems."

Onlookers may ask what the coming of Wonderland holds for the rest of the country. Dudley Taft Associates: "There are only two shows in Canada that approach having sufficient population concentrations to support a large theme park—the Vancouver-Skeptic belt and Montreal." And if Taft stands by his conviction that "The only real alternatives to western Europe, Canada's first theme park may be North America's last."

With photos from Kate Gurney

New assaults on diabetes

An upsurge of treatment research raises hopes for a cure

By Pat Oshlender

"To live a normal life—to forget I'm a diabetic," is a dream that Dot Hirschchenko, a Richmond Hill, Ont., cable TV programmer, shares with 680,000 other Canadians

whose days are controlled by careful diets, fixed mealtimes, regular exercise and urine tests and, for many of them, daily insulin injections. Hirschchenko keeps an insulin syringe in her purse and a can of orange juice in her desk drawer (to give her system a jolt of



BRADOR TAKE THE TIME



Alesner and pump: needles sugared?

sugar if diabetes and irritability signal an insulin reaction). Trying to balance blood sugar and the insulin that moves it into cells—something her body can no longer do—requires daily paperwork and meticulous planning. Says Hirschchenko, "I never have to think about my body all the time when I want to concentrate on my work."

But the inconvenience of treatment offer the only hope of staving off the long-term complications of diabetes: kidney failure, blindness, nerve disease, gangrene due to circulatory problems and increased risk of heart attack and stroke. Sixty years after the Nobel Prize-winning discovery of insulin by Frederick Banting and Charles Best, the life expectancy of an insulin-dependent diabetic is one-third less than that of a nondiabetic, according to Toronto's Dr. Ken Gorman. Yet an explosion in diabetes research, resulting that of the '90s now offers the hope of eliminating diabetic complications—providing, in effect, a cure. The aim of two major streams of research—machines to fine tune insulin delivery and tissue transplants to replace diabetes' lost or poorly functioning insulin-producing cells—is to achieve normal blood sugar levels in diabetes, for the life-threatening complications of the disease appear to be caused by higher than normal levels of blood sugar over a prolonged period.

Already one innovation, the insulin infusion pump, is being clinically tested



Hirschchenko at work (left). Paly's pump (center). Polonski's system: the inconvenience lingers

around the world. In, operating insulin continuously or in pulsed doses, the pump seems to prevent the swings from high to low sugar levels that plague some diabetics on the usual regimen of one or two insulin injections per day. Most pumps are worn at the waist, injecting the hormone through a needle just under the skin of the abdomen. One, developed by a Toronto team led by Michael Alesner, injects insulin intravenously. Two types of pump have been surgically implanted in patients' chests.

While advocates of the pump claim the devices can achieve perfect or near-perfect control of blood sugar comparable to about four or five conventional insulin shots per day, skeptics argue that the pumps are a more convenience and that their capacity to ward off diabetic complications is still unproven.

Other researchers wonder how many diabetics will be willing to wear a machine (complete with needle, catheter and wiring matter) and take the daily home blood tests required by most pump therapies. Caution Dr. Philip Paly, head of long-term pump study at York University: "Because the concept is still at the research stage, all of the patients are highly motivated volunteers."

In the long run, existing pumps may prove to be a modest advance required in a device still on the drawing boards. Ideally, a pump would not merely shoot a predetermined amount of insulin into the body, but would continuously monitor blood sugar levels and inject the precise amount of insulin required to move that sugar into body cells—no more, no less. That such a machine is possible was demonstrated seven years



pump to the use of a hockey puck. The missing link—and the key to the whole system—is a tiny, implantable glucose sensor, which, after a decade of work by many researchers, has still not materialized. One of those researchers, Dr. Stuart Sandler of the Joslin Diabetes Center (JDC) in Boston, Mass., now has a market-sized sensor on file at the U.S. patent office—but how to place it in contact with the bloodstream without causing clots? "It's all sounds very simple," says Sandler, "but it requires \$10,000 worth of various membranes to coat the sensor, two histology technicians, 400 person-pays."

Yet even if the sensor can be per-

Sandler with sensor: which research obstacle will be overcome first?



involving one that he had been a Soviet spy throughout his 30 years in British intelligence.

The apparent focus here on what Holles didn't do does what he did. According to Picher, Holles anxiously obstructed the investigations of his colleagues as they attempted to ferret out the man who was giving great holes in British security. For two weeks, Holles suspended the interrogation of Sir Anthony Blunt after his MI-6 inquiry extracted a confession from the famous artist-espionage spy, possibly allowing Blunt to contact his Soviet controller for instructions.

Blair, Burgess and Canadian diplomat Herbert Morrison (whom Picher also claims was a spy) attended Cambridge University in the 1930s, where they justifiably flirted with the radical solutions of Marxism and Communism as an antidote for Nazism. Most didn't become traitors. But a few followed novelist E.M. Forster's declaration that, "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country."

In Picher's book, Forster's paradox doesn't apply; one's loyalty is to one's country whatever the historical or moral context. Under this caveat he has written a blistering indictment of the British intelligence service and, by implication, of the society it serves. The Cambridge spies



Picher: indicting his whole society

are nothing if not symbols of national decadence after their 1930s education lapsed, they easily enjoyed the perks that come from royal appointments. As the critic George Stanger has noted recently, Blair's real incoherence is that in the end he betrayed his country and his friends with equal gusto.

—RICHARD DOLAN

Between culture and materialism

THE DECLINE OF NATIONALISM IN QUEBEC

by Dominique Chiff
(Les Editions Libre Expression, \$21.95)

THE publication of a book with a title that translates as *The Decline of Nationalism in Quebec* a few weeks before the Parti Québécois' electoral survey would seem to rate as one of the more respectable crimes of imagination in recent political memory. Until the beginning of the election campaign, the rise of Claude Ryan had seemed convincing evidence of that decline. But, in spite of the voters' rejection of Ryan, veteran Montreal journalist Dominique Chiff still stands by his interpretation of events in Quebec since 1975. Quebecers, he argues, are more interested in their own material happiness than in their government's preoccupation with the French language and culture, to say nothing of its sovereignty claims.

Nationalism has long been at the heart of the politics of French Canada, noted in its collective warble about its incoherence and, since the quiet revolution, nurtured by a growing and increasingly acquisitive bureaucracy in Quebec City. Chiff de-



Chiff: a new Québécois confidence

scribes the development of a political orthodoxy which held that language and cultural diffusion, in Ryan's words, "must be present in the foundation of any political enterprise."

But a new wave of national resistance has swept over Quebec since the PQ assumed power. Large numbers of francophones, forced for the first time

in 20 years to look for careers outside the fabled public service, have begun adopting corporate symbols valued by Toronto-based employers. Their newly adapted political views are more typical of North American businessmen: government intervention is an obstacle to economic success.

The widespread acceptance of Ryan's essentially liberal patch of individual liberties over collective rights during the referendum was evidence of this profound change in attitude. Ryan, in Chiff's thesis, was the first provincial politician in a generation to challenge the nationalist orthodoxy; the first to articulate the new Québécois mood. The provincial liberals lost the election not on nationalistic issues but because Trudeau and the federal Liberals decided to undermine Ryan's emboldening as the province's constitutional spokesman to maintain their unchallenged monopoly as the voice of federalism in Quebec.

At the same time, Chiff argues that the re-election of the PQ and its promise not to press secessionist aspirations in this form is simply an acknowledgment by the party of public discontent in nationalism. Yet the phenomena may pose new, unexpected threats to the Canadian status quo. Quebec nationalism may be on the decline, but it is not dead. Like western businessmen who have be-

come frustrated with the economic jet assigned them at Confederation, Quebec's onetime leaders and discoverers may start chafing at the institutional belt 20 years down the line. "Who knows?" asks Chiff. "It may be the directors of the Chambre de Commerce who'll be proposing independence for Quebec then."

—LESLIE BLAIR

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Contract*, Michael Ondaatje
- 2 *Noble House*, Clive Barker
- 3 *MPD*, Douglas Giff
- 4 *Brink*, Cook
- 5 *Gusty Park*, Smith
- 6 *A Woman Called Sophie*, Silver
- 7 *Crusade*, Telford
- 8 *The Key to Success*, Folger
- 9 *Firestarter*, King
- 10 *Box of Angels*, Stedman

Nonfiction

- 1 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Adams
- 2 *Common Sense*, Giff
- 3 *Cable Investment*, Giff
- 4 *The Chinese Factor*, Giff
- 5 *Paper Moon*, Smith
- 6 *The Northern Mines*, Giff
- 7 *The Canada Caper*, Folger
- 8 *Portrait of Canada*, Goodfoot
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- 10 *Mad Practice*, Silver

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Blue around the collar

TAKE THIS JOB AND MOVE IT
Directed by Gus Trikonis

My, my, my—the fan letters the little breeds. Based on the Johnny Paycheck song, *Take This Job and Shove It* is a very deftly put work of art, but it's top-heavy and rowdy and just humming with sex and violence. Set in a brewery being overhauled by modern methodology, the movie has the same appeal as other recent blue-collar ballads (*Norman Rae*, *Cool World's Daughter*, *Back Roads*); the recollections of the characters shake your head firmly and tickle your palm. There's that warm feeling watching these mimes of being led around a friendly town. *Take This Job and Shove It* keeps buying you beer.

The main character is a successful conglomerate executive (Robert Hays) who drives a Porsche and wears a Flieger and looks as though he hasn't had a good time in years. When the conglomerate, headed by Eddie Albert, buys out the brewery in Dubuque, Iowa, Hays is sent to his home town to oversee the conversion. This carefree, workaholic prodigal son now has to make a decision as to whether feeding his ambition or becoming a peasant again is more important. But, as the title tells, there can be no regrets.

Robert Hays (of last year's *Shogun*) is one of a new breed of WASPish actors who look as though they were born in well-cut three-piece suits. He also has an unfettered, amiable presence—a rare without any real strings—and plays off the other characters as if indeed he had known them in previous, more relaxed days. David Keith and Tim Thomasman, as his two old buddies, gentle beer and tear up the town with a Saturday night fever. Barbara Hershey, the girl he loved and who has stayed in the town as a social worker, seems a prototype of the sweetheart left behind and never forgotten.

What happens in this movie is probably closer to fantasy than reality, yet merits have a knack of making it seem otherwise. *Take This Job and Shove It* has an enjoyably saucy attitude best summed up by a Mayor's Maltese character who runs a *five-star* motel and has been around the block enough to say "Screw 'em" when the "defecation hits the rotary oscillator."

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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A feast of moral fibre

While it might seem absurd to compress an 800-page novel by Charles Dickens into a play, and to expect people to watch it for nearly nine hours, Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company (RSC) has done just that and turned it into gold. Its adaptation of *The Life and Adventures*

of *Nicholas Nickleby* has been praised as the greatest triumph on the London stage in a decade, in the latest Society of West End Theatre Awards, it took the trophies for best play, director, designer, actor, supporting actor and supporting actress. Recently resurrected (for its third time), the play re-still-



Rees, David Threlkell inventive spectacle

fishes the net as the finest company in England. As co-director John Caud (originally from Edinburgh) says, the play points a new direction for theatre. "It has been almost taboo for years to talk about morals. What *Diakona* was saying to his Victorian readership is something that people are just beginning to re-explore in the theatre. He's a great humanist, all his stories have that universal sense of feeling."

Nicholas was especially anxious about the private boarding schools where unwanted children could suffer continual torment, and Nicholas Nickleby, who suffers through these schools mercilessly, also has an immediate impact on the education system in 1839. Yet to translate such passages into drama demands an intense concentration for dialogue and action. "What we wanted to do was honor the majesty and generous angst of the work, so investigate Dickens in a way that has nothing to do with Christmas cards and Yale logs." This investigation sometimes normally placed English academics with a fainter spontaneity than Americans, but the director's more poetic point on the matter, refusing to categorize from 19th-century London

The world cinema seems astonishingly resilient, for *Nicholas Nickleby* makes impressive use of spectacle with a cast of 40, plus 130 extras; it can create scenes closer to most commercial American films. The book is beautifully staged to the stage, dedicated to an actor friend of Dickens', and it has a hilarious scene where Nicholas and Mr. Horner are taken to task. Adaptation for the theatre sharpens some of its themes (thrift, self-reliance, false emotion). The play is Dickensian in the best sense—serious and funny at once—used if gloves for its film and a New York season go show its impact will not be limited to London. The final image of Nicholas Nickleby, but surely up its challenging faith while a crowd gently sings the concluding hymn God Save the Queen, is a poignant image of the future of the stage as a desert place, still in its arms.

—MARK ABLETT



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Other images of the Royal Coat of Arms. The original King's Arms painting is in the present-day Cambridge City Hall.

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A classical bid for popularity

By Bill MacVicar

The classical audience, gathered in the troup of an orchestra at Toronto's Concerto Hall, may have been started to find itself rubbing shoulders with a crowd game for more raffish tastes. But on the heels of an impressive Haydn string quartet came an improbable quartet all on its own. Woe Koffman, famed jazz fiddler, played four different woodwind instruments in a newly commissioned work by Doug Riley filling with rhythms and melody, with kind third-stream jazz moved from a saxophone.

A male played in rhythm is an unlikely combination, but one that seems to be working for Canada's internationally renowned Orford String Quartet.



Downes, Petersen, Brodt (above), Forrester: gaining for an audience

they compare with all but the best three or four quartets in the world.

While Downes admits that the superstar concerts are an attempt "to hold an audience," the third concert in the series may prove that the plan may not be working. In Montreal last month the third concert featured the quartet with contralto Margaret Forrester in the world premiere of *Donna and the Beast*, a solo opera by R. Murray Schafer. Obviously aimed at the younger members of the audience, the 25-minute work had Forrester changing her voice register and color as she narrated the fiery tale, switching an assortment of moods in front of her. Her Montreal critic Eric McLean called the work "a Young Puccini's Guide to Speechlessness," but there were few youngsters in the audience to be regaled. Perhaps it was the frigid spring thunderstorm that evening which left a 1,000-seat hall less than half-full. It was more likely that Forrester, despite her appearances as CBC specials, has too firm a reputation in the classical repertoire to bring in new blood.

Yet that classical repertoire is the Orford String Quartet's staple, playing to rest audiences the world over. Founded in 1980 at a summer music camp at St. Orford, Que., the Orford rapidly became known for confidence and intelligence. International tours and a respectable discography (mostly on the CBC label) soon followed. On tour last year, it was called "an absolutely first-rate

group" by *The New York Times*, and the *Ottawa Citizen* remarked that "they don't sound like any other quartet [they are] totally integrated while at the same time permitting each instrument to produce its own totally different tonal quality."

The chemistry of a string quartet is a precarious matter. Last year when one of the four original members, cellist Marcel St-Cyr, left to pursue his own career, there was talk that the quartet might disband. But Downes, stand violin Kenneth Petersen and viola Teresa Helmer persuaded Dean Brodt to take his place, and the chemistry belies on. Petersen, however, are as tentative as ever.

An quarter-to residence at the University of Toronto, the four pick up a hefty slice of their income from the benefice and through teaching. Another portion comes from the touring office of the Canada Council, and the rest from a small, wintering grant. ("I guarantee losses"), CBC headwaters have been a lifeline, but recording royalties provide only a few hundred dollars annually.

Considering all this, it is understandable that the quartet wants to broaden its repertoire and to tap the audience from jazz clubs and pop concerts. The question that remains is whether fans loyal to Woe Koffman or André Gagnier will return to hear the quartet plumb the depths and taste the heights of absolute music, whether Beethoven, Berg and Bartok will come to be heard as unifying as jostly jazz and sultry blues. ☐

From the sublime to the raffish

I was a *Partner From Moscow* via Guelph, Ont. On April 30, the festive opening night of the 100th-anniversary Guelph Spring Festival, Postcard in 2001 opera by U.S. composer Dmitriy Aronov brought us to a sublimely raffish evening opera—in a high-ceilinged auditorium—and wove a musically and theatrically impressive tale. Against a backdrop of Montreal streets and low-rise patinated glass, some players gathered to witness each other's love and enmities. They wore symbols such as hand mirrors, bathos, cake boxes and, most poignantly, a giant box which proves at the climax to be gruffly empty of peace. Aronov is a witty, eclectic composer, and the 10-piece onstage orchestra scored from Wagnerian idioms into jazz and dissonant modes. During one early moment, four seated and outstretched shook their heads to something straight out of the Marx Brothers' *A Night in Casablanca*—while the band rolled up with the Siegfried leitmotif. Postcard was a splendid short showcase for a roster of the finest young Canadian singers, it began leaving again.

Not to be heard again, was a following concert scheduled for Canadian soprano Teresa Stratas, who was famed to purport because of illness but nevertheless opened the evening by making an asides as she dashed to the stage. Canada, her reputation was new soprano Emily Lear and baritone husband Thomas Stewart. Their medley of operatic arias and duets ranged from the sublime to the raffish.

The sublime included Stratas's (a great woman on records) masterly rendition of Elton John's monologue from *The Metropolitan* on *Wonderful* and Lear's *Willow Song* and *And More* from *Orpheus*. It was a daring move in that it betrayed some of Lear's full-on opera showmanship but more than compensated with its wrenching poignancy. The celebrating Guelph greatly applauded, but it was a piece of singing—indeed, an example of song—that deserved the audience's tribute at night close.

The raffish was best displayed in the charming, thoughtfully not doting, lying between husband and wife. Lear, tanned and handsome, caught her hair in a crenel on the stage, "Stay asking someone 'Why,'" she ad-libbed, nodding her head. In the duets by Mozart, Bizet, Puccini (Lear) they frayed with one another with an authenticity than stage couples never manage and showed the audience into a sympathy to *The Merry Widow's* sentimental. After the two encores, one left like pecking up and moving in with them. —Bill MacVicar

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SHOW BIZ

A celebration of kid cult



Flying Fruit Fly Circus performers: a debate between instruction and diversion

A Vancouver seaside park was clumped with the bubble of a Horrocks sea last week, its rain-soaked grounds transformed into something approaching the mad of Ptolemaic, as the Vancouver Children's Festival set up shop. It was the fourth incarnation of the happy springtime event, and all week athenian competition of rain-soaked kids sloped to see or snore off six huge colored tents as the 20-acre site. The largest festival of children's performance art in North America, this year's version featured some 30 Canadian and international companies performing more than 300 shows. Since its inception, attendance has grown from 20,000 to a flood of 70,000 this year. "I've been all over the world performing," says American mum and clown, Bob Barber, "and there's absolutely nothing like this."

Spring from the 1978 Habitat Conference, the current festival is funded by various government (all levels) and private agencies and umbrellaed by Producers (CFC published) Chris Wootton and Artistic Director Chris Wootton. On-site attractions include literary poppings, shows and elastic-bodied mime artists. As with most kids' entertainment, a necessary critical appendage for the growing is a small, excited crowd. Judging by past-and consumer response last week, two of the most successful performers were Australian Richard Bradshaw with his evocative shadow puppets and the Ontario children's balladier Ruff. The centerpiece of the festival turned out to be well-bested, troupe of Australia's Flying Fruit Fly Circus. Aged 2 through

18, they performed trapeze, juggling and clowning in the classic arena manner, for their spinning peers in the stands.

The festival was instructive in providing concentrated glimpses of the burgeoning world of kid cult. The focus in kids' performance arts and children's literature—the result of offspring of the influential post-World War baby boomers reaching school age—has revived the age-old controversy concerning the initiation of kids' entertainment. Broadly, to instruct or to divert. Says Chris Wootton: "Deciding how to entertain children has been a relatively recent exploration." Last week's festival dramatized the debate. On the one hand, parents and children could attend the charming *Little Red Riding Hood* style fantasy of *Pinocchio*, presented by Ontario's Theatre Beyond Words. In the next tent, they could sample the "no-nonsense" European style of children's theatre personified by Britain's Lolita dance theatre, whose high-tech puppets in hand irregularly on the rostrum. Death of American nuclear worker Karen Silkwood.

Much of the festival's eclectic success can be credited to the apparent mass taste of Wootton, a quiet man in mid-stained gun boots who is also largely responsible for wet-waiting this evidence. The John Gray hits *Billy Bishop Goes to War* and *Rock and Roll* Sucker Wootton, acknowledging the method in the festival's messy TV-generation madness. "Among other things, we're building a huge new defence for theatre in 30 years' time."

—THOMAS HOPKINS

TELEVISION

Scooped by reality

ESCAPES FROM IRAN TIES CANADIAN CAPER
CTV, May 17

Escape From Iran, The Canadian Caper gets off to a bromantic start by re-creating the Nov. 4, 1978, storming of the U.S. embassy in Tehran. Newsweek footage was alarming, but, by taking on inside, the dramatization makes almost palpable the odd sense of being regurgitated in the dark, with commentators incessantly cut off by implacably enraged members of an alien culture. The scene (staged in various Toronto locations)



Stage of mob scenes: a slow, contrived what's doing justice to the subject

sets a level of mood and energy which the rest of the movie never quite attains.

For one thing, we have already seen in another *Escape From Iran*, this was a documentary submitted. The *Gold Story*, the actual one Americans who took shelter under Canada's wing and their precursors. The roles have so many almost uncanny look-alikes (Gordon Pinsent as Ambassador Ken Taylor, R.H. Thompson as the irascible Lee Schacht that did vs. inserts its perplexing spell, the documentary has stolen so much of the dramatization's thunder.

But the quality of the characters is shrewd and precise. When the house of second-in-command John Sheardown (Chris Wagner), where the Americans were hiding, is visited by a garbage man with revolutionary connections emphasizing about the sudden increase in refuse, clumsy incompete-

bension shows us the faces of Sheardown and his wife, Zara (Diana Barrington), until, suddenly, Sheardown drops his wallet and pays some hair-sheek. The last evening before their departure with false passports, a very drunken, very fancy dinner party with the Yanks being up in their Canadianism is splendid as far as it goes, but it could have been worked up into a dazzling set piece to match the opening, a true comedy of errors.

The producers obviously could not resist history for dramatic impact, but *Escape From Iran*. The Canadian

Caper has a slow, contrived what's doing justice to Taylor nor Jean Pelletier (La Presse's Washington correspondent who unwashed) and (late) sat on the truth of the Canadian episode has been expanded into a central figure whose point of view holds the tale together.

Nevertheless, the realities were chock at the time, and in its way the movie does its subject justice. After all, it was a damn good story, albeit one that assumes a risk of being run straight into the ground by overexposure.

—BILL MACVIEAR

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Hockey is missing the goal

'Children become gladiators playing out their parents' frustrations'

By Roy MacGregor

Do my best thinking today. Not as you might think, but in the shower or, as happened three weeks ago, standing on the side of a frozen lake north of Helsinki with a dozen other pink, self-conscious Canadians, steam rising from us overheated engines, which, in a way, as we were I was thinking not of a Finnish tradition, the sauna, which we were about to return to, but of what used to be a Canadian tradition, hockey that's fun.

We had just come from an international misunderstanding, a legendary hockey match where our opponents from nearby Latvia had done more giggling than shooting as the way to an 11-0 victory. An old cliché fit (the score was not indicative of the play) but not the old meaning (they could have won by whatever score they had chosen). Latvi was a real team, only the week before they



crushed the best old-time hockey team of its kind in the world; they even came complete with team bus and fans. Their Canadian opponents—Thursday night irregulars for whom fans only show up in summer—had made the naive, crucial mistake of calling themselves the Toronto Maple Leafs. It was intended as a harmless joke, a weak pun, but somehow, when the games were being arranged, this name had been translated into Finnish as the ex-Mafia Leafs. Whereas Latvi had three former Finnish national team members on their roster, the closest any member of the Maple Leafs had ever been to the big time was the gold seats at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. Made up of teachers, salesmen, stockbrokers, a publisher, a lawyer, a psychiatrist and a university president, five of them over 50, the Leafs looked more like a jury than a hockey team. The best that could be said about the Canadian team was offered up by Ontario Alan Plaxton after the first period, with the Finns ahead 3-0: "I think we're beginning to give them just a little bit more trouble in our end."

All this would be nothing more than a hair tale were it not for the privileged view of forgotten hockey skills it provided. Coming home to the Rialto City playoffs and the endless menu of the Calgary Flames only underlined the realization that hockey has forgotten that it began as a game. What an honor to be on the ice in Finland, to be the guest of passing plays as intricate as crowdwork, to hear the rare music of effortless skating, to step into the empty world of passing bodies.

It would be unfair to say it was a bloodless affair. Our first game, a 3-2 late against a Helsinki team called Wastebasket, began when a thick, smiling Finn set his team pin into the fat of my thumb during the traditional exchange of gifts. Sharp, but a small govt considering that in

the National Hockey League this past season various jokers served 34,820 minutes in penalties, a new record and up more than 100 hours over the previous violent season.

Myth has it there used to be frozen ponds in this country, populated by outlaws, thieves, gang, much too and kids with ripened cheeks. Reality today is an angry father at Ottawa's Scotiabank Arena speaking, through the vapor of his Styrofoam cup, the words "I'd chain the little bastard to his net"—directed at a wandering goaltender who as all of eight years old. Perhaps the young goalie is simply trying to escape. The ice today is populated with faceless children and while spectators can undoubtedly prove the mandatory mask has cut down on eye injuries, so too has it cut down on the humanity of simply playing. Children become gladiators, playing out our influences and parents' frustrations rather than their own innocent dreams. When you stand with the parents, surrounded by their tension, you understand why Douglas Fisher's recent report on recreation for the Ontario government termed this children's pastime "barbaric" and "a poor bang for a buck."

Eventually you come to realize that hockey won't be rediscovered by the kids because the system won't let them. When a well-meaning group in Southwestern Ontario set out, a few years back, to eliminate competition by outlawing stick-in-the-little-leagues, it was discovered the parents were keeping the standards on the stick, complete with letters. But what is happening, cruelly,

is that this most marvelous of amusements is being resurrected by older people who have made the simple decision that they don't like pain, that hockey can be more grace than disgrace. Whether it's the Thursday night irregulars, where the game has a priority roughly equal to the beer afterward, or the 10,000 registered, old-timers in this country who have a few basic rules—no checking, 'cause it hurts, no slapshots, 'cause they hurt, no fighting, 'cause you're banned—they are the best chance this sport has of once again being called a "game."

Before going to Finland, the most vivid memory of my only hockey career was the father of an 11-year-old I had inadvertently injured, hanting over the boards and running toward me swinging a stick he had grabbed from the players' bench, only to be felled by a two-hander from behind, delivered by my protective goaltender. A riot, in the small-town sense of the word. But now, now, I have forgotten the memory of the lucky forecheck at centre ice in Latvi, the long Serpents ice between me and the goaltender, the one fake that finally worked, the shot, the realization, the light flashing, and when I turned, the player's laugh from the pursuing defenseman. A riot, in the best sense of the word.

Roy MacGregor is a Maclean's senior writer in Ottawa.

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